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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. II. OCTOBER 1, 1816. No. X.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S ... MAHAL.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

Louisa Loveworth *and* Adventures of a Legacy-Huntress *in our next.*

Serena *is informed, that the first view mentioned in her letter was given in the third volume of the First Series of the Repository; and it is not improbable, that the other may be introduced into an early Number.*

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FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 19.—A VICARAGE-HOUSE.

THE annexed design was intended for the residence of a clergyman, and purposed to be erected in a situation where the scenery is both rural and romantic, and well disposed to accord with the style of building which may be considered as peculiarly ecclesiastic, from the extensive patronage that architecture once received by the munificence of church government. The parts of this design were selected from the church itself to which the vicarage-house belongs, and with which it would correctly assimilate, particularly as the building was intended to be placed in its immediate neighbourhood. The practice of designing the residence of a clergyman with reference to the characteristics of the church to which it belongs, where the style of architecture is favourable to such selections, is desirable, not only as relates to a tasteful advantage, but as it becomes another and visible link of connection between the church itself and the pastor who is devoted to its duties, and also leads the spectator very naturally from contemplating the dwelling, to regard the pious character of its inhabitant. This association has occurred to a poet, whose works indeed are nearly obsolete, but which will always be admired for taste and feeling, and is thus expressed by him:—

"That simple dwelling shelter'd by the wood,
As courting now, now shunning solitude,
With Gothic windows, and with open porch,
In forms related to its neighbouring church,
Seeming less modern than of happier age,
Half hid by ivy—is the parsonage.
Its pious tenant, verging fast in years,
In grave but unaffected guise appears,
And blest with health, for fifty years have shed
No silver marks of Folly on his head:
For though Time's hand, with ready haste, bestows
The reverend furrow and the whitening snows;
Folly, more forward, lavishly supplies
All the much-honour'd emblems of the wise."

OBSERVATIONS ON THE DRY-ROT IN BUILDINGS.

The decay of timber, which is effected by a more speedy separation of its particles than usually proceeds from the operation of wet

or damp, is sometimes termed the Dry-Rot, in contradistinction merely, and without reference, to that decay which may properly be termed a disease, and which is communicable from the unsound to the healthful timber in its neighbourhood; and which decay is simply one of the means of decomposing vegetable bodies, which nature has provided for the purposes of reproduction. In fact, the dry-rot in timber is that fermentation and consequent corruption of its juices, which all vegetable, as well as animal, substances are subject to after death, and which is promoted by the suitableness of the situation in which it is placed. During this effort of nature towards decomposition, the fixed air, which forms the cohesive principle, is liberated, and in a short time the particles of the timber are so separated from each other, that the whole is easily reducible to a fine powder. Fermentation must necessarily ensue when timber, in its green or unseasoned state, is placed in situations where its humidity cannot escape sufficiently fast, and where that certain degree of heat is afforded to it which is essentially necessary, and connected with all vegetable fermentation. Under similar circumstances, the vegetable products of our gardens and fields would proceed to decay; to prevent which, the gardener and the husbandman expose their herbs cut for preservation, or grass cut for hay, to the rays of the sun, which, if sufficiently powerful to extract the humidity from the objects of their care, are preserved, and at any time are fit for use, provided they are still kept free from improper humidity: but if they are not so dried, and are allowed to remain in confined situations, or heaped in quantities, a fermentation and corruption take place, that speedily destroy them: and this natural operation is the same with timber. The corruption of the juices of wood affords also a suitable nourishment to that class of vegetables termed *Cryptogamia*, of the order of *Fungi*. These may be said to be truly parricidal, as they devour and exist upon the connecting quality of the timber whence they spring, communicating with and destroying the sound timber to which they may reach in their rapid growth; and the fungi are nourished by that due proportion of heat and moisture which is proper to effect fermentation; and these, in conjunction, form that climax of the disease which is usually denominated the dry-rot: although it frequently exists, and with as much danger to the material, without the appearances of fungi.

From the slow progress the fungus makes in very wet situations, it appears that excessive damps are inimical to it; for its growth is more rapid in proportion as the situation is less damp, until arrived at that certain degree of moisture which is alone suited to its production and vegetation. When further extended to dry situations, its effects are more rapidly destructive of the timber on which it subsists: here it is very fibrous, and in part is covered with a light brown membrane, perfectly soft and smooth. It is often of great magnitude, projecting from the timber in a white spongious excrescence, on the surface of which a profuse humidity

is frequently observed; at other times it consists only of a fibrous and thin-coated web, spreading irregularly on the surface of the wood. Excrescences of a fungiform appearance are often protruded amidst those already described, and are evidences of a very corrupt matter peculiar to the spots whence they spring. According to the situation and matter in which they are produced, they are dry and tough, or wet, soft, and fleshy, sometimes arising in several fungiforms, one above another, without any distinction of stem; and when the matter is differently corrupted, it not unfrequently generates the small acrid mushroom.

Under these various appearances the fungus spreads itself on the surface of the timber, and becomes attached by innumerable small and almost imperceptible fibres or tubes, by which it imbibes the stamina, and occasions the decomposition of the wood: the branches will insinuate themselves through walls of very considerable thickness, and communicate the disease to the opposite side. On opening the bricks of walls which have appeared perfectly sound, the vegetable has been discovered passing through them in fibrous roots; and, from this subtle disposition, has usually been discovered before the substantial parts have been so far decayed as to endanger the edifice.

From whatever substance this vegetable springs, when once attached to the wood, it rapidly spreads around: each ramification, no longer dependant on the stem for sustenance, takes fresh hold, and supplies itself with nourishment until the whole of the part it occupies is entirely decomposed. Before this vegetable has time to destroy the girders and other principal timbers, it usually penetrates behind the skirtings, dadoes, and wainscotings, and is known to those acquainted with its effects, by drawing inward the edges of the boards, and by splitting them, both horizontally and vertically. When the fungus is taken off, they exhibit an appearance similar, both in back and front, to wood which is considerably charred: a light pressure with the hand will break them asunder, even though affected with the rot but a short time; and on taking down the wainscot, the fibrous and thin-coated fungus will generally be seen closely attached to the decaying wood.

The dry-rot being thus considered as the consequence of vegetable putrefaction, aided by a due proportion of heat and moisture, it will appear that the disease may be produced in some parts of buildings even where timber is not present, whence it may spread to and destroy the wood-work, although considerably removed from the source of the evil, and otherwise sound, well-seasoned, and capable of long duration; for the ground on which we build is often replete with vegetable matter, the clay with such as the rains have conveyed into the fissures of it, and the loamy soil with fibrous roots and decaying leaves. If the building at the foundation or under-ground story is so constructed as to be favourable to produce fermentation, by affording proper heat and moisture, the propagation of the fungi necessarily succeeds to the corruption, and forms the vital part of the

disease. As mortar is often composed of a mixture of road-sand and lime, the former containing in it a large portion of soil peculiarly well suited to the germination of fungi, the building is subjected to the dry-rot from that circumstance; and drains, cesspools, and even wells, will occasionally supply the matter that generates the disease, and support it also, until nourished to extraordinary vigour, by the corrupt vapour that arises from them. The foundations of our houses also are too frequently receptacles for drainage water, which becomes stagnant in the trenches in which they are laid, and from which corrupt exhalations arise capable of producing the disease, if the temperature of the place combines with it. But whatever be the appearance, or whencesoever it springs, the causes of the dry-rot will be found to be, or to proceed from, the corruption of the timber itself, or some other vegetable putrescence. I. B. P.

(To be continued.)

ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

No. IX.

THE favours of several correspondents are too extended for insertion in this paper, although, in other respects, well suited to its object, and, from their merit, deserving particular regard. An abridgment of them would perhaps occasion the loss of valuable matter; they are therefore omitted at present: but if the several authors will take upon themselves the task of abbreviation, their communications shall be received with due attention. In the mean time, B. B. is informed, that his letter shall appear in our next, and we hasten to fulfil a duty to our friend *Perambulator.*

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF ERECTING A BRITISH ROYAL PALACE.

SIR,—So far from agreeing with those persons who are daily and querulously complaining of the Prince Regent and the government of the country for their encouragement of building, I fervently wish that they were enabled to expend a large sum upon building a palace suitable to the high rank of the country, and in decorating it with splendour. Such a palace is not only a desideratum as a proper appendage to royalty, but it would induce the rich to spend their money liberally, and thereby promote internal commerce: for, notwithstanding the prevailing and gloomy declamations of impending ruin, there are thousands, nay, tens of thousands, of wealthy persons in England, whose surplus means would be well employed in imitating such an example, and by that expenditure contribute their part to prevent it. Certainly this has been done, in some degree, by making Carlton-House an example of all that the taste of the country could produce, according to the limited—comparatively limited—means that can be applied to so desirable a purpose. And this proposed palace should be accompanied by a court of corresponding splendour; for it is in a court alone that fashions, fruitful of such ad-

vantages, can be expected to originate; and such is its influence, that each change of mode, in all its branches, is adopted by all who can afford to *impose* upon themselves such a voluntary expenditure.

Suppose a palace should be projected that would require the sum even of three millions to complete with all its internal decorations and furniture, and that it should take six years in erecting; the sum chargeable upon the public would be half a million annually, collected from several millions of inhabitants: the share then imposed upon an individual holding a respectable rank, would amount to no more than seven shillings each year. Now, sir, supposing these data to be granted, and considering that a vast number of persons would be employed in erecting, decorating, and furnishing this palace, every article being of British manufacture, and the example of such a palace causing the rich to improve their residences, by which many hundred thousand pounds would be expended annually, affording thereby encouragement to the ingenious, and bread to the industrious, would any one, I ask, possessing means of comfort—not to say luxuries—and being satisfied of these results, murmur at paying quarterly for six years the small sum of one shilling and nine-pence? Bonaparte, perceiving that foreign commerce was not attainable for France, wisely endeavoured to cultivate internal commerce by similar means: hence he erected splendid public works, and encouraged taste in every branch of the arts. This it was that induced him to make the Louvre the grand repository of works of fine art, which, had it remained entire, would have attracted visitors from every part of the world; even now France, humbled as she is, is allowed to give the law in taste and set the fashion to the English people.

PERAMBULATOR.

ST. MARY LE BONE NEW CHURCH.

The plan of this church is designed after the manner of the ancient temples, which were usually of a parallelogram or oblong figure; its chief entrance is embellished by an hexastyle portico of the Corinthian order, the entablature of which is continued on every front of the building. At the end of the cella, or body of the church, there are projecting apartments, formed diagonally, and affording rather a novel accommodation for the wealthy inhabitants of the parish. The very ancient custom in Christian countries of placing the entrance to the west, and consequently the opposite end, appropriated to the communion-table, to the east, has, in this instance, been violated, and not without a great sacrifice of architectural beauty, that will be lamented by every man of taste so long as the church retains a vestige of its portico; which, however elegantly beautiful in form and arrangement—and what portico is not so, that is judiciously composed from the fine authorities of ancient architecture?—must always fail to delight, because there is a total absence of that brilliant and diversifying combination of light and shade which it ought to have, and has not, by being placed to the northward. In this aspect a portico loses also much of its fit-

ness, being originally rather intended as a protection from the rays of the sun than from wind or rain: and here it is never visited by its beams in the winter; and even in summer the beauties arising from reflected light, which the interior of a portico receives in every other aspect, is here obtained but in a very limited degree: thus, instead of delighting by varied effects of light, a picturesque display of shadow, and beautifully modified reflected tints, a portico, so situated, becomes statelily sepulchral, gloomy, cold, damp, and cheerless. One document of antiquity certainly presents an example of a portico so situated, but this is the Pantheon at Rome, originally, perhaps, a temple dedicated to fire and the sun, and its entrance so placed, from some obvious reason, suitable to the tenets of the superstition. The portico was subsequently added, but the first approach retained; and although the great beauty of this portico is acknowledged, that it is so situated has always been lamented, notwithstanding the portico projects considerably, and the building is circular, both circumstances greatly in its favour. The error in placing the church of St. Mary le Bone in this position, originated in the endeavour to thrust a large building into a piece of ground in all respects very inadequate to the object in view: a spot on the opposite side of the road would have given a proper aspect, greater space, and being considerably more elevated, would have rendered this church doubly ornamental to the metropolis and honourable to the parish.

In the design of this church the Roman style of order is mixed with some Italian peculiarities, and the whole combined with reference to Grecian taste: in fact, it appears to have been the endeavour of the architect to unite in this building, intended to form a dignified whole, whatever might be usefully adopted from the various ages and countries of systematized architecture; and, under the circumstances of the alteration that took place, by which the building was increased from a chapel to an edifice of superior magnitude and character, it was a difficult task to unite the parts in such a way that the combination should be complete: this is not quite so perfect as could be wished, but perhaps is more so than might have been expected. In building a Christian church, the architect, from long-established custom, is obliged to contend with a difficulty arising from the absurd practice of appending a steeple to it. The steeple formed no part of the Greek or Roman temple, the prevailing lines of which are horizontal; but that of the steeple is a vertical one, which, however suited to its early and original style of architecture, and to the later forms of the Gothic character, in which such lines prevail, is most inauspicious to the design of a Grecian edifice: for in it the great transom, or entablature above the columns, assuming to be the leading line of the composition, the abrupt and vertical one of the steeple must always be in discord with it; and if the architect attempts in his design to make the steeple itself conform to the laws of Grecian art, the transverse lines of the various entabla-

tures, cornices, and imposts, destroy its lineal harmony.

Domes, towers, spires, steeples, and turrets are, however, the chief ornaments of a city when viewed at a distance; without them, "Beautiful Florence" would be unnoticed by the traveller, and London and Paris would appear, as we approached them, little better than smoking assemblages of dirty warehouses.

It is to be wished, that the circumstance first alluded to had not occasioned the want of proportion evident in the steeple of this church; it is too small for the building, and unfitted to its portico: had the basement been larger, and connected with the beautiful circular temple by a circular cavetto, similar to that of the lanthorn of Demosthenes at Athens, as represented by Stuart, the contour would have been easier in its departure from the square to the circle, and the bases of the columns would not have been hid as they are at present, unless the spectator be at a very considerable distance. The intention of continuing the vertical lines of the small columns by means of the figures above, is good, but the effect necessarily fails from the number of statues being diminished, by which circumstance the lines are rather carried outwards than conducted to the apex of the dome, where they should always tend, and then willingly unite. On the subject of applying caryatides, or figures in similar situations, much has been said and written by authors both in favour of and against them; therefore, as a matter of fitness, different opinions will be entertained: but it becomes the duty of the architect to consider the propriety of adopting them, from the circumstance of their appearing too small and insignificant if they are not very much larger than life, and also from the well-known fact of their diminishing, by comparison, every thing connected with them if they are so.

Notwithstanding all the difficulties that circumstances and vacillating resolutions have presented, this church is a very magnificent building, creditable to the architect, and a splendid ornament to the north-west of the metropolis. At some future time, perhaps, the interior of the church may be the subject of a few remarks in this paper; at present our limited space will not permit it further than to observe, that it is of a novel arrangement, that the ceiling is handsome, and that the church contains an organ of very extensive compass, being from FFF to F in alt, with a swell as low as C in the bass. The diapasons and pedal-pipes are unusually grand, and the trumpet-stop has its full effect, without the predominancy too common in church organs. It was built by Gray, and it is understood that Mr. C. Wesley is appointed organist.

CHRONOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from p. 134.)

SCULPTORS; PERIOD IN WHICH THEY FLOURISHED; PRINCIPAL WORKS AND MERITS.

ANTONIO FILARETI, of Florence, 1430. A metal gate to St. Peter's, at Rome.

ALESSANDRO LEOPARDO, of Venice, 1430. Many works at Venice. He assisted in the equestrian statue of Bartolomeo Coleoni.

PAOLO ROMANO, of Rome, 1430. The twelve Apostles, in silver, for the Capella Papale at Rome. An equestrian statue in the same city.

JACOPO DELLA QUERCIA, of Siena, 1430. Model for the gates to S. Giovanni Battista, at Florence, in competition with Ghiberti.

BUONACORSO GHIBERTI, of Florence, 1440. The ornaments for the bronze gates to S. Giovanni Battista, made by his father. He was distinguished for his exquisite taste in ornaments in bronze.

NICCOLO, of Arezzo, 1440. Model for the gates of S. Giovanni Battista at Florence, in competition with Ghiberti.

VELLANO, of Padua, 1450. Bronze statue of Pope Paul II. at Perugia. Several other statues and basso relievos at Padua, especially in the church of S. Antonio there.

BERTOLDO, of Venice, 1450. Several admirable statues in bronze, smaller than life, and many beautiful basso relievos in bronze at Florence.

PARTIGIANI, of Fiesole, 1450. Several statues and ornaments in the church of the Servites at Florence.

MICHELE MICHELOZZO, of Venice, 1450. Statue of Religion for the monument of Giovanni Coscia, in the church of S. Giovanni Battista at Florence. A St. John in the same place. Several good basso relievos there.

PIETRO DA COMO, of Como, 1450. Various works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

LORENZO CANOZIO, of Padua, 1450. Many works in wood, marble, and bronze, at Padua, especially in the church of St. Anthony in that city.

VEROCCHIO, of Florence, 1450. Many works in bronze and silver, especially at Venice. This artist was the first of the moderns that began to model in plaster from nature, by which means he gave great truth to the subjects which he treated.

URSINO CERAJUOLO, of Florence, 1450. Many statues in wax, which he coloured with oil colours, at Florence, particularly in the church of the Servites.

MATTEO PASTA, of Verona, 1450. Works at Rimini, for the house of Malatesta.

MATTEO CIVITALI, of Lucca, 1450. Adam and Eve, Zacharias, Elizabeth, and two prophets, in the chapel of S. Giovanni in the cathedral of Genoa. St. Sebastian, the statues for the altar of S. Regulus, and a great part of the statues about the church of S. Michael at Lucca. He displayed profound sensibility and dignity in style and execution, and was the greatest Christian sculptor prior to Michael Angelo.

STUDENTI, of Modena, 1450. Bronze casts of statues.

ANTONIO FIORENTINO, of Florence, 1460. Statue of Pope Pius II. on the Ponto Molle, at Rome. Many works at Verona. A bronze equestrian statue of the Duca Borso di Ferrara, at Ferrara.

ANGELO DEL FIORE, of Naples, 1460. Many tombs at Naples.

RICHARD AERTSZ, of Wyck am Meer, in Holland, 1460. Two basso relievos for the altar of a church at Harlem. Many ornaments.

ANDREA CICCIONE, of Naples, 1460.

Tomb of Queen Margaret, and tomb of King Ladislaus, at Salerno.

NICCOLA DELL' ARCA, of Bologna, 1460. He finished the sarcophagus of S. Domenico at Bologna, begun by Niccola da Pisa.

BARTOLOMMEO CORTELLINO, of Bologna. He assisted in the sarcophagus of S. Domenico.

ANDREA CONTUCCI, called SANSOVINO, of Monte Sansovino in Tuscany, 1480. St. John Baptist, in marble, a Bacchus, and several other works, at Florence. Two monuments in S. Maria del Popolo, at Rome. Several statues at Loreto, Assisi, Siena, and in Portugal.

JACOPO COZZERELLO, of Siena, 1480. Many statues and basso relievos in churches and convents at and about Siena.

FRANCESCO DI STEFANO, of Siena, 1480. Works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

VITO DI MARCO, of Italy, 1480. Works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

LUCA, of Italy, 1480. Works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

VITUS STOSS, of Cracow, 1480. Many crucifixes and statues of saints at Nurnberg, Cracow, Posen, and Warsaw.

ANDREA FERRUCCI, of Fiesole, 1480. Many works at Pistoja, Volterra, Florence, Naples, and for several towns of Hungary.

GEROLAMO GENGA, of Urbino, 1500. Many works at Urbino, Florence, Mantua, Siena, and Rome.

ALBERT DÜRER, of Nürnberg. Admirable crucifixes, and a great quantity of smaller works in wood and ivory.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI, of Florence, 1520. Bacchus at Florence; Cupid. Moses in S. Pietro in Vinculis at Rome. David at Florence. Head of a Faun in the gallery of Florence. Battle between Hercules and the Centaurs. A Madonna. Basso relievos. A Hercules. Crucifixes in wood. Figures for the shrine of St. Dominic at Bologna. A sleeping Cupid. A Pietà in St. Peter's, at Rome. Tomb of Pope Julius II. Statue of the same pope at Bologna. Christ in the Minerva—besides many other works. His style was original, grand, and formed from the study of the antique and of nature. His works were remarkable for boldness, and for the precision with which the muscular movements were expressed.

PETER FISCHER, of Nürnberg, 1520. The admirable monument of St. Sebaldus, in the church of that name at Nürnberg, in bronze. Various works, in bronze, in Bohemia and Hungary. His style was grand and noble, founded on the study of nature and the antique, and his execution excellent.

MELCHIOR BAYR, of Nürnberg, 1520. Many works, in silver and bronze, at Nürnberg and Augsburg.

TASSO, of Florence, 1520. The altar-piece, of marble, in the church of St. Clara at Florence. Statue of St. Sebastian, of wood, in the church of St. Ambrose, in the same city.

TATTI, of Florence, 1520. First cast of the Laocoon, in bronze. Many statues, in bronze and marble, at Venice, Rome, Padua, Florence, and other cities of Italy.

ARTISTS IN MOSAIC.

The artists here named as workers in mosaic were all masters by profession, and confined themselves wholly to that branch of the arts: but, besides their productions, many mosaics were in those times executed by painters and sculptors. Among the former are included Giotto; Gaddo Gaddi; Fra Jacopo di Turrita, who assisted in decorating the chapel of the high altar in the Lateran at Rome, and the principal pulpit in the cathedral of Pisa; Vicino, of Florence, who executed the image of the Madonna in the principal pulpit of the cathedral of Pisa; and many others.

To the latter belongs, besides Pietro Cavallini, who is mentioned below, Giovanni da Pisa, who executed himself the beautiful mosaic work for his altar-piece at Arezzo.

APOLLONIUS, of Greece, 1250. Many works in the church of St. Mark at Venice, where several other Greek artists were employed. Works in the Battisterio of S. Giovanni in Florence.

ANDREA TAFI, of Florence, 1270. A colossal Christ in the Battisterio of S. Giovanni at Florence, and other small works there.

ANTONIO TAFI, of Florence, 1300. Various works in several churches and convents in Florence.

GERVINO, of Spoleto, 1320. Various works at Spoleto, Perugia, and Siena, but especially in the cathedral of Orvieto.

ANDREA, of St. Miniato, 1320. Works at St. Miniato, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

LAPO, of Florence, 1320. Works in the cathedral of Orvieto, and at Florence.

UGOLINO, of Florence, 1320. Works in the cathedral of Orvieto, in several convents in Tuscany and in the Ecclesiastical States.

CORSO DI DOMENICO, of Orvieto, 1320. Works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

PIETRO CAVALLINI, of Rome, 1320. The ship of Giotto in St. Peter's, at Rome. The façade of S. Paolo without the city. The façade of S. Maria in Trastevere, at Rome. The original drawing of the ship by Giotto is in the convent of the Capuchins at Rome.

CONSIGLIO, of Monte Leone, 1320. Works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

GHINO, of Monte Leone, 1320. Works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

COLA, of Monte Leone, 1320. Works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

SCAGLIONE, of Assisi, 1320. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto, at Assisi, Loreto, and other places.

ANGIOLETTO, of Gubbio, 1320. Works in various churches at Rome, in the Ecclesiastical States, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

BONNINI, of Perugia, 1340. Many works at Perugia, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

ANGELUCCIO LANDI, of Rome, 1340. Various works at Rome, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

ANDREA LANDI, of Rome, 1340. Various works at Rome, at Siena, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

NELLO JACOPINI, of Rome, 1340. Various works at Rome, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

ANDREA CIONE, of Florence, 1360. Many works at Florence, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

TINO DI BIAGIO, of Assisi, 1360. Many works at Assisi, Spoleto, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

NICCOLA D'ANDREA, of Rome, 1360. Various works at Rome, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

MATTEO CIONE, of Florence, 1360. Many works at Florence, Siena, Pisa, Lucca, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

MATTEO DA BOLOGNA, of Bologna, 1360. Various works at Bologna, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

LORENZO DI CASALE, of Casale, 1360. Some works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

AMBROGIO, of Florence, 1370. Many works at Florence, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

FRANCESCO, of Florence, 1370. Many works at Florence, Pisa, Lucca, Siena, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

LIPPO, of Florence, 1380. Many works at Florence, Lucca, Assisi, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

PAINTERS.

GIOVANNI CIMABUE, of Florence. Born 1240; died 1300. The back of the altar in St. Cecilia's. A Madonna in S. Croce. A S. Francesco. A Madonna, with the infant Jesus and many angels, upon a gold ground, now in

the gallery at Florence. An altar-piece for S. Francesco at Pisa. A Madonna, a S. Agnesa, and a Christ, at the same place. The life of Christ, and of S. Francesco, at Assisi. Works in S. Spirito, and the celebrated Madonna in S. Maria Novella at Florence. He was a pupil of the Greek masters who were employed in the Capelle de Gondi in S. Maria Novella, at Florence. He executed a crucifix in wood for S. Croce at Florence, and also attempted to paint in fresco.

GIOTTO, of Vespignano, in Tuscany. Born 1276; died 1336. Annunciation of the Virgin Mary in the chapel of the high altar, together with the altar-piece in the abbey at Florence. A coronation of the Madonna, an Annunciation, and the life of St. Francis, in the refectory of S. Croce, in the same city. The life of S. Giovanni Battista in the church del Carmine, at Florence. A St. Francis at Pisa. Several paintings in the Campo Santo at Pisa. Various paintings in the old church of St. Peter at Rome. Design for the ship by Giotto in St. Peter's, at Rome. Various works in the Minerva, in that city. Various works at Ravenna, Ferrara, Arezzo, Avignon, and Urbino. Portraits of Dante, Brunetto, and Clement V. He was a pupil of Cimabue, and the real father of modern painting.

BUONAMICO BUFFALMACCO, of Florence, 1300. The life of our Saviour in the church of the nunnery of Faenza, at Florence. Life of St. James in the abbey of Settimo. Paintings in S. Petronio, at Bologna, at Assisi, at Arezzo, in S. Paolo and the Campo Santo at Pisa, at Cortona, at Perugia, in S. Maria Novella at Florence, and in other churches there.

ODERIGI D'AGUBBIO, of Agubbio, 1300. Many admirable miniatures for the library of Pope Benedict IX. at Rome.

FRANCO BOLOGNESE, of Bologna, 1300. Extremely beautiful miniature paintings for the library of Pope Benedict IX.

PUCCIO CAPANNA, of Florence, 1310. Paintings in the church of St. Francis at Assisi; in the church of S. Trinità at Florence; in that of St. Francesco at Pistoja, and in the church of S. Domenico, in the same town, a crucifix, a Madonna, and a S. Giovanni. Many other works at Bologna and Florence. He was a pupil of Giotto.

DUCCIO, of Siena, 1310. Many works at Siena, Florence, Pisa, and Lucca.

GIOVANNI BONNINI, of Assisi, 1320. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

PUCCIO, of Gubbio, 1320. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

GECCO, of Gubbio, 1320. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

FRANCESCO GIACOMO, of Camerino, 1320. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

OTTAVIANO DA FAENZA, of Faenza, 1320. A Madonna over the gate of S. Francesco at Faenza. Many works in S. Giorgio, at Ferrara, at Bologna, at Faenza, and other places.

LELLO, of Perugia, 1320. Various works at Perugia, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

TADDEO GADDI, 1320. Many works in S. Croce at Florence; in the convent and church of S. Spirito, S. Stefano del Ponte Vecchio, the Oratorio di S. Michele in Orto, and the church of the Servites, in the same city. Works in fresco at Arezzo, at S. Agostino, at Pisa, and in the Capitolo of S. Maria Novella at Florence. Next to Stefano, he was the most eminent of the pupils of Giotto.

PACE DE FAENZA, of Faenza, 1320. Various works at Bologna and Faenza, and in the cathedral of Orvieto. He was a pupil of Giotto.

SIMONE MEMMI, of Siena, 1320. Portrait of Petrarch's Laura. Many works at Avignon, at Rome, and more especially in the palace della Signoria at

Siena. Many works in S. Maria Novella and in the cathedral at Florence, and in the Campo Santo at Pisa. He was a pupil of Giotto, and excelled in many branches of the art.

PIETRO LAURATI, of Siena, 1320. The Presentation in the Temple on the staircase of the hospital at Siena. Various works in the Campo Santo at Pisa. A Madonna, with angels, in S. Francesco at Pistoja. The chapel of the high altar in the church della Pieve at Arezzo, besides several other pictures there. Many works at Rome and Cortona. He was a pupil of Giotto.

UGOLINO, of Orvieto, 1320. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

GUGLIELMO DA FORLI, of Forli, 1320. The chapel of the high altar in the church of S. Domenico at Forli, besides many other works in that and neighbouring towns. He was a pupil of Giotto.

STEFANO, of Florence, 1320. An exquisite Madonna in the Campo Santo at Pisa, in which he surpassed his master, Giotto, both in design and colouring. Works in the convent of S. Spirito at Florence, for which he painted an admirable picture of the Transfiguration. Many works in Ara Cœli at Rome, St. Peter's at Milan, at Pistoja, and other towns in Italy. He was a pupil of Giotto, whom he excelled in colouring and design; he was particularly distinguished for the representation of the naked figure, and the movement of figures under draperies.

PIETRO CAVALLINI, of Rome, 1320. Many works at Rome, where he executed in mosaic the ship of St. Peter, after the drawings of Giotto. Works, in fresco, in Ara Cœli, S. Maria in Trastevere, St. Cecilia in Trastevere, and St. Peter's at Rome. Works in S. Marco and S. Basilio at Florence. A crucifixion at Assisi and at Orvieto. He was a pupil of Giotto, and of distinguished merit in fresco.

(To be continued.)

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

METHOD OF ASCERTAINING THE PURITY OF SULPHUR, CHIEFLY WITH REGARD TO ARSENIC.

THE sulphur which is procured in the roasting of copper ores is apt to contain, besides earthy impurities, a very notable portion of *arsenic;* while, on the other hand, the sulphur imported from Sicily, in particular, is free from this contamination. As this article forms one of those remedies which are frequently resorted to as a domestic medicine, it is certainly a matter of some importance to ascertain, in an easy and expeditious manner, its purity, which may be accomplished by the following process:—

Take 100 grains of the sulphur to be examined; put it into a Florence flask, and pour over it about four ounces of oil of turpentine; heat the mixture over a lamp till it has boiled for a few minutes, then pour the solution, whilst hot, into a six or eight-ounce vial, stop it with a cork, and shake it till the liquor has cooled down to the temperature of the hand. It will now be quite turbid with sulphur that has separated from the oil during cooling, and being filtered through tow, placed in a glass funnel, a clear fluid will be obtained. This being done, transfer the oil again upon the sulphur remaining in the flask, and let it be heated and filtered a

second time. By repeating this operation four or five times, there will be left only a brownish orange residue, on which the oil refuses to act any longer. This residue, being laid on a piece of earthen-ware, is to be exposed to a heat not higher than that of melting lead, till it ceases to exhale any sulphureous vapour; being then rubbed up with a little moistened charcoal, and pressed into the bowl of a tobacco-pipe, or any other convenient vessel, it is to be heated nearly red hot, upon which a white vapour will arise, and shew itself to be arsenic by its peculiar garlic odour. The sulphur precipitated from the oil of turpentine may be entirely freed from this latter by exposure to the air and light for a day or two; it will then be of a beautiful sparkling yellow colour, far superior to that of common flowers of sulphur, and entirely inodorous. The common English sulphur, or roll brimstone, sometimes contains full $\frac{1}{25}$ of insoluble residue, chiefly composed of arsenic. The best Sicilian sulphur contains hardly more than three per cent. of residue, which is a mixture of different kinds of earths: hence it affords no arsenical odour when heated with charcoal; and this is the reason of the universal preference given by the manufacturers of oil of vitriol, or sulphuric acid, to Sicilian over English sulphur.

PREPARATION OF SCENT-BAGS, TO PRESERVE CLOTHES FROM BEING INJURED BY MOTHS, &c.

Take the tops of rosemary, lavender, rose-leaves, the chippings of cedar, cassia lignea, and sassafras wood; reduce these substances to a coarse powder, sprinkle them over with a few drops of otto of roses, and sew them up in a coarse muslin or silken bag. These bags, when laid in the wardrobe among garments, not only impart to them a pleasant scent, but contribute also to preserve the clothes from being injured by moths and other insects.

HUNGARIAN METHOD OF MAKING EXCELLENT BREAD WITHOUT YEAST.

Lighter, whiter, and better flavoured bread than that made at Debretzin, in Hungary, is seldom to be met with; and as this bread is made without yeast, about which such a hue and cry is often raised, and with a substitute which is a dry mass, that may be easily preserved and transported, nay, which may be kept six months or more, I deem it necessary that the process should be more known. The ferment is thus made:—Two handfuls of hops are boiled in four quarts of water; this is poured upon as much wheaten bran as can be well moistened by it; to this are added four or five pounds of leaven; when this is only warm, the mass is well worked together to mix the different parts. The mass is then put in a warm place for twenty-four hours, and after that it is divided into small pieces, about the size of a hen's egg or a small orange, which are dried by being placed upon a board, and exposed to a dry air, but not to the sun; when dry they are laid by for use, and may be kept half a year. This is the ferment, which may be used in the following manner:—For baking of

six large loaves six good handfuls of these balls, previously broken into pieces, are taken (the loaves measure near half a cubic yard), and dissolved in seven or eight quarts of warm water. This is poured through a sieve into one end of the trough, and three quarts more of warm water are poured through the sieve after it, and what remains in the sieve is well pressed out. This liquor is mixed up with so much flour as to form a mass of the size of a large loaf. This is strewed over with flour; the sieve, with its contents, is put upon it, and the whole is covered up warm, and left till it has risen enough, and its surface has begun to crack; this forms the leaven. Then fifteen quarts of warm water, in which six handfuls of salt have been dissolved, are poured through the sieve upon it, and the necessary quantity of flour is added, and mixed and kneaded with the leaven: this is covered up warm, and left for about one hour. It is then formed into loaves, which are kept in a warm room half an hour, and after that they are put into the oven, where they remain two or three hours, according to the size. The great advantage of this ferment is, that it may be made in great quantities at a time, and kept fit for use. Might it not, on this account, be useful on board of ships, and likewise for armies when in the field?

RULES FOR ASCERTAINING THE STRENGTH OF MATERIALS.

The following rules for ascertaining the strength of materials being new, and of practical utility, it is presumed they are worthy of a place in a publication devoted to the diffusion of useful knowledge.

Put f=the direct strength, or cohesive force of a square inch of the material;
b=the breadth;
c=the depth, or the dimension in the direction of the pressure; and
l=the length. Then the lateral or transverse strength of a rectangular beam or bar, is $\frac{f\,b\,d^2}{6\,l}$ if supported at one end, and $\frac{2\,f\,b\,d_c}{3\,l}$ if supported at both ends.

The lateral strength of a square beam or bar, when its diameter is placed vertically, is $\frac{f\,d^3}{24l}$ if supported at one end, and $\frac{f\,d^3}{6l.}$ if supported at both ends. In this case d is the diagonal. The strength of a square beam is least when the force is in the direction of the diagonal.

The lateral strength of a solid cylinder is $\frac{f\,p\,r^3}{4l}$ if supported at one end, and $\frac{f.\,p\,r.\,3}{l}$ if supported at both ends. In this case r is the radius, and p=3.14159 &c.

The lateral strength of a tube, or hollow cylinder, is $\frac{f\,p\,(R^4-r^4)}{4R\,l}$ if supported at one end, and $\frac{f\,p\,(R^4-r^4)}{R\,l}$ if supported at both ends.

The lateral strength of a triangular beam or bar, is $\frac{.05643\,f\,b\,d^2}{l}$ if supported at one end, and $\frac{.22572\,f\,b\,d^2}{l}$ if supported at both ends.

The strength of a solid cylinder, pillar, or column, to resist a force acting in the direction of its axis, is $\frac{8f\ r^4}{5e\ l^2}$, where e is the extension of the material at the time of fracture. The diameter of a column may be so great in proportion to its length, that a less force than that necessary to bend it, would crush it. The force necessary to crush a homogeneous solid cylinder, is $8f\ p\ r^2$.

If the rule above given be correct, the following table will shew the weight that would break or crush cylinders of different kinds of materials:—

Materials.	Direct strength of a square inch.	Weight in lbs. that will crush a cylinder an inch in diameter.	Weight in lbs. that will crush a cylinder whose base is one foot in area.
	lbs.		
Cast iron . . .	50,000	314,160	57,600,000
Lead	3,000	18,849	3,456,000
Freestone , . .	1,000	6,283	1,152,000
Fine freestone .	205	1,288	236,160
Brick	280	1,759	322,260

ECONOMICAL METHOD OF MAKING FIRE-BALLS FOR FUEL.

Take a ton of common clay, free from stones, add to this from seven to eight bushels of sifted small-coal, and as much dung (or any other vegetable substance that can be procured at a cheap rate, for example, the exhausted tanner's bark,) as will work with the clay into a homogeneous mass. Having done this, form the mass into such sized balls or lumps as will suit your fire-grate. In the Low Countries, where the peasants are acquainted with the advantages of this cheap fuel, the size of the balls is usually three or four inches square; though they may be made either larger or smaller, according to the quantity of fire required. When the mass has been formed into lumps or balls, it will be necessary to lay them in a shed to dry gradually for use, for they then burn much better than when newly made and still wet. But in case you are obliged to use them immediately, it is very proper to lay a few of the balls either behind or near the fire, to get dry speedily. When the fire burns clear, place some of the balls in the front of the grate, as you do with large or round coals, when the advantages of these fire-balls will soon become evident, for they not only burn exceeding clear, without much smoke, but give also a more lasting heat than an equal quantity of coals would afford. From some experiments that have been made in this metropolis, we are authorised to state the following particulars.—The charge of a load of clay does not exceed 5s. or 6s.; the labour of making up the balls about 2s. 6d. dung 2s. small-coal, called slack, worked up with the clay and dung (supposing the coals at 2s. per bushel,) 12s.: and thus it appears that the whole cost of making up a ton of clay will not exceed 1*l*. 1s.; though it might be easily shewn that the balls thus produced are preferable to, and will do much more service than, a chal-

dron of coals.—Those who are inclined to make use of this economical fuel are to take notice, that the balls are not to be laid on till the fire burns clear and brisk.

PREPARATION OF CARMINE AND COCHINEAL LAKE.

This very rich vivid crimson colour, which *stands well*, was originally prepared from an insect called *Kermes (Coccus Ilicis)*, from which it takes its name; but is now obtained from the cochineal insect, the colouring matter of which is extracted, and chemically combined with the earth of alum or alumine. It is best prepared in the following manner:—

Into a 14-gallon boiler of well-tinned copper, put 10 gallons of distilled or very clear rain-water; spring-water will not do. When the water boils, sprinkle in by degrees 1 lb. of fine cochineal, previously ground in a clean marble mortar to a moderately fine powder; keep up a slow boiling for about half an hour, and then add 3½ oz. of crystallized super-carbonate of soda; in a minute or two afterwards draw the fire, and add to the liquor 1½ oz. of alum, previously finely pulverized; stir the mass with a clean stick till the alum is dissolved; then leave it to settle for half an hour; draw off the clear liquor with a glass syphon, and separate the sediment from the residue by straining it through a close linen cloth. Replace the clear liquor in the boiler, and stir in the white of two or three eggs, previously well beaten with a quart of water: then light the fire again, and heat the liquor till it begins to boil, at which time the albumen of the egg will coagulate and combine with the basis or earth of the alum and the finest part of the colouring matter. This sediment is carmine, which being separated by filtration, and well washed in the filter with distilled water, is to be spread very thin on an earthen plate, and slowly dried on a stove, after which it is ready for use. The finest part of the colouring matter of the cochineal being thus separated, the residue is usually employed in the preparation of lake, in the following manner.

Preparation of Cochineal Lake.

Add 2 lbs. of subcarbonate of potash to the red liquor from which the carmine was precipitated, and return it into the boiler, together with the dregs of the cochineal, and boil the whole gently for about half an hour; then draw the fire, and after the sediment has subsided, draw off all the clear liquor into clean earthen-ware vessels. Then pour upon the sediment a second alcaline ley, prepared by dissolving 1 lb. of subcarbonate of potash in two gallons of water, and boil this also upon the dregs for half an hour, by which process the whole of the colouring matter will be extracted. Separate by filtration the liquor from the dregs, and return both the alcaline solutions into the boiler. When this bath is as hot as the hand can bear, add, by degrees, 3 lbs. of finely pulverized alum; observing not to add a second portion till the effervescence from the first has entirely subsided. When the whole of the alum has been put in, raise the fire till the liquor simmers, and continue it at this temperature for

about five minutes, at which time if a little is taken out and put into a wine-glass, it will be found to consist of a coloured sediment diffused through a clear fluid. On suffering the mixture to stand undisturbed for some time, the greatest quantity of the clear fluid may be decanted, and the residue put on a filter will then deposit the coloured lake, which, after being repeatedly washed with clear soft water, must be covered with a cloth, and suffered to remain for a few days till it is half dry, after which it may be taken from the filter, made up in small lumps, and carefully dried on a stove. In this manner 1 lb. of the best cochineal affords rather more than 1½ oz. of carmine, and 1¼ lb. of red lake.

EASY METHOD OF TAKING IMPRESSIONS OF MANUSCRIPTS.

To the Editor.

SIR,——I have lately seen the following process for copying writing practised by a friend of mine, which I think deserves to be made more generally known; you therefore will perhaps have the goodness to allow it a corner in your next *Repository*. The process is as follows:—

Put a little sugar into your writing-ink, so that the writing made with the ink will remain glutinous or adhesive to the fingers. When a copy is required, take some unsized paper, moisten it lightly with a sponge, and lay it upon the writing. Then take a flat iron, such as is used by laundresses, moderately heated, and press it gently over the unsized paper, the counter-proof or copy will be produced immediately. The quantity of sugar required must vary according to the nature of the ink: but there is no difficulty in finding by a few trials the requisite quantity; for the object of the sugar is merely to prevent the ink from drying rapidly. I am, with respect, your constant reader,

FREDERICK CLARK.

Bermondsey, Sept. 12, 1816.

SINGULAR METHOD OF COPYING PICTURES, AND OTHER OBJECTS, BY THE CHEMICAL ACTION OF LIGHT.

Those who are familiar with chemistry are well aware of the singular effect of light upon metallic solutions, and other bodies of nature. An ingenious philosopher, Mr. J. Wedgwood, availed himself of the property which a solution of silver in nitric acid possesses, when exposed to light and air, for copying paintings on glass, making profiles, &c. The solutions of this metal, it is well known, when applied to paper, and then exposed to light, become speedily blackened. Therefore if we cover white paper with a dilute solution of nitrate of silver, and place it behind a painting on glass, which is exposed to the direct rays of the sun, the rays which pass through will blacken the paper: but the shades will be more or less deep in proportion to the intensity of the light transmitted through the different parts of the glass. When the glass is perfectly transparent, and consequently allows a free passage to the rays of light, the paper will become quite black; where the glass is perfectly opaque, and where consequently no rays can pass, the paper remains white; and there

will be degrees of the intensity of the shadow of every variety of opacity between these two extremes. Pictures thus produced, although they are not sensibly affected by the light of candles and lamps, are soon destroyed by the light of day, which causes all the paper to become black. They must therefore be kept in darkness; and they may readily be preserved by being placed between the leaves of a book, or black paper. Besides the application of this property which the solar light exercises upon the solution of nitrate of silver for copying the lights and shadows of paintings on glass, it may be applied to other purposes. By means of it delineations may be made of all such objects as are partly opaque and partly transparent. The fibres of leaves, and the wings of insects, may be pretty accurately represented by this process, by causing the solar rays to pass through them, upon paper impregnated with a solution of silver; and Sir Humphrey Davy has found, that the images of minute objects produced by means of the solar microscope, may be copied without difficulty on prepared paper: he recommends one part of dry nitrate of silver dissolved in ten parts of water; and this is sufficient to enable the paper to become blackened, without impairing its texture.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

ACCOUNT OF CZERNI GEORGE.

The following particulars of Czerni George, who, as the chief of the Servians, some years since attracted a considerable portion of the public attention by his obstinate resistance against the Turks, are extracted from the narrative of a Russian officer, who was the bearer of the consecrated oil presented by his sovereign for the use of the Servian churches, and visited Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia in 1808. The result of his observations was published at Moscow in 1810.

Czerni George was born in the vicinity of Belgrade. From his earliest years he cherished an irreconcileable enmity to the Turks, who then ruled his unfortunate country with an iron sceptre. While yet a youth, he happened to meet a Turk who imperiously commanded him to stand out of his way, at the same time threatening to shoot him if he failed to comply. Czerni George, however, prevented the execution of this menace by extending the Turk lifeless upon the ground. To avoid the dangerous consequences which this deed would have infallibly drawn upon him, he fled to Transylvania. He was then eighteen years old, entered into the Austrian service, and soon became a subaltern officer. Another tragic circumstance compelled him a second time to seek his safety in flight. His captain was about to punish him for some fault which he had committed, when he killed him also, and immediately hastened back to his native country. Here he adopted a new pro-

fession, better adapted to his disposition, and became the chief of a band of robbers. It should be observed, that in Servia, Albania, and all over Greece, bands of malcontents, resident in the woods, wage incessant war with the Turks, and style themselves Κλεπται, that is, thieves or robbers. They attack the Turks only, and are considered by the Greek peasants as heroes and avengers, and received in triumph by them in the villages where there are no Turkish inhabitants. From his haunts in the thickest woods, Czerni George often fell upon the Turks and cut off great numbers of them. His fury spared neither sex nor age. Women, children, and the aged belonging to this detested nation, were alike sacrificed by him. The Turks, by way of retaliation, executed twenty-six of the principal Servians, and among the rest an archimandrite, and armed a considerable force for the purpose of attacking Czerni's band: but the oppressed Servians assembled from all quarters to support their avenger. His aged father alone, who had hitherto been his constant companion, now forsook him, with severe reproaches for the cruelties which he had perpetrated, the blood of so many innocent victims which he had shed, and the extreme danger into which he was about to plunge his country; nay, even with threats that he would betray him and all his associates to the Turks. In vain did Czerni endeavour to dissuade him from his intentions; he set off and took the direct road to Belgrade. Czerni followed him, and made a last attempt to divert him from his purpose, but finding the old man inflexible, he drew forth a pistol, and shot the author of his own life dead upon the spot.

The contest with the exasperated Turks was long and obstinate. It was difficult for the leader of an undisciplined banditti to overcome a people who had learned the art of war from the Europeans. By degrees, however, the Servians also learned to conquer; and Czerni George, encouraged by the advantages which he had gained, forsook his inaccessible forests, laid siege to Belgrade, and by his persevering bravery compelled the Turkish garrison to surrender on the 1st of December, 1806. Thus did a man of low birth, and without education, exalt himself into the deliverer of his country and the supreme head of his people.

During the siege of Belgrade a meeting of the chief nobility and clergy was held at Semendria, and having appointed the Archbishop of Servia their president, they took upon themselves the government of the country. They not only constituted themselves the ruling power in regard to the civil administration, but designed also to combine with it the legislative authority and the command of the army. No sooner was Czerni George informed of these proceedings, than he hastened to Semendria, annulled the resolutions of the assembly, and announced in a proclamation, that "so long as Czerni George shall live, no person shall presume to exalt himself above him, as he alone is sufficient and wants no adviser."

Since this emphatic declaration he has governed the people and the senate of Belgrade with all the

authority of an arbitrary sovereign. As an instance of his despotism I shall mention the following fact, communicated to me by M. Rodophinikin, counsellor of state. On the death of a wealthy Servian who had left several young children, the senate very humanely determined to possess themselves of his property. M. Rodophinikin remonstrated against this procedure. One of the senators, who had been at Vienna, asserted that he had there witnessed a similar circumstance, as a stranger had of his own accord assumed the management of the property of a person who had died, though he had left an infant son. M. Rodophinikin had very great trouble to make the senate comprehend, that this stranger was a legal guardian, to whom the administration of the property was entrusted only during the minority of the heir, and till the latter was capable of taking it into his own hands. He painted the excessive injustice of such a confiscation in such lively colours, that he obtained of the assembly an unanimous decree in favour of the heirs. The senate suddenly received a letter from Czerni George, who was then at his country-house, above 50 miles from Belgrade, directing that all the mills belonging to the deceased should be annexed to his possessions. What more could the benevolent advocate of the orphans then do in the affair? It is almost superfluous to observe, that the Servian senate punctually obeyed the commands of Czerni George, and then took possession themselves of the remainder of the property.

The conduct of this chieftain to the Pacha of Belgrade, after the reduction of that fortress, will serve to illustrate the extraordinary hatred that he bears to the Turks. By the capitulation the pacha had obtained the assurance, that he might depart freely with his whole retinue, and travel unmolested through Servia. An escort of 500 Pandours was to accompany him to the frontiers, and to protect him from insult on the part of the people. Czerni George gave him the most solemn asseveration, that he had nothing to fear in his passage through Servia. The aged pacha quitted the city with 270 persons belonging to his household, and all of whom, excepting the pacha himself and six of his principal officers, were disarmed. Scarcely were they two miles from Belgrade, when the Pandours suddenly drew their sabres, and began in cold blood to slaughter these devoted victims. The pacha and his six officers made an heroic resistance, cut their way through the assassins, and reached a cavern, where they were overpowered, but not till they had dispatched at least twice the number of Servians. On the same day Czerni George issued orders for the execution of the forty Turks who had remained behind at Belgrade. These unfortunate wretches sought refuge in a house, where they defended themselves with the resolution of despair, till the Servians set it on fire, and they perished in the flames. A Servian officer asked Czerni George what was to be done with the women belonging to the murdered Turks. "Let them starve!" was his reply. Fortunately all the Servians are not possessed of such cruel dispositions; one of them proposed to sell these

wretched females to the Austrians, and his suggestion was adopted.

It would require volumes to detail all the cruelties practised by Czerni George. I shall therefore conclude this subject with the following trait:—In 1807 he caused his brother to be hanged for some trifling faults which he had committed.

Czerni George is at present (1810) 46 years old; tall and well made. His face is long, broader below than above, his eyes are small and sunk in his head; he has a sharp nose and brown complexion. He wears very small mustachios. His hair is tied behind into a tail which reaches all down his back, and he turns it up in front, which makes his forehead appear uncommonly large. His dress is very simple, differing in no respect from that of the rustics, except in a pair of pistols and a dagger which he constantly carries with him. His clothes are neither elegant nor clean. His ardent and vehement spirit is disguised under a cold and unfeeling manner. He passes whole hours without uttering a word: but whenever he drinks brandy, he always mutters a prayer. He can neither read nor write. It is to his personal bravery alone, favoured by fortune, that he owes all the power and fame which he enjoys.

He has two sons and four daughters. One of the latter is married to a Servian of high distinction. His eldest son, Alexis, now fifteen years old, at the time of my visit resided with M. Rodophinikin, and was assiduously engaged in learning the Russian language. His quickness of apprehension is not less worthy of admiration than his corporeal agility. His favourite amusement is to kill birds by throwing stones at them. It is not unlikely that he will soon imitate his father, and make war upon the Turks instead of the birds.

Czerni indulges once a year in the chase, in which he is accompanied by three or four hundred Pandours. The whole produce, consisting of wolves, foxes, wild goats, and deer, is publicly sold to the best bidder.

His real name is George Petrowitsch. He is indebted for the surname of *Czerni*, or *the Black*, not so much to his naturally dark complexion, as to the anger of his mother, who gave him that appellation when he made her a widow by the murder of his father.

MISCELLANIES.

CELINDA, OR THE WISHES: *A Tale.*

THE youthful Celinda possessed a handsome person, a good understanding, and an excellent heart, yet she was not happy. As is sometimes the case, she set a greater value upon the blessings she did not possess, than upon those which she enjoyed. Though handsome, her beauty was not of that striking kind which challenges admiration; and though endowed with good sense, her coldness of manner, and want of natural vivacity, often made her listened to with inattention:

hence she frequently saw women, who were really inferior to herself, distinguished in society, while she was overlooked; and this often mortified her. One evening, when she had returned in worse spirits than usual from an assembly where she had been totally eclipsed by the beautiful Bellaria, while she sat lost in reverie, she was surprised at hearing her own name pronounced in a soft voice, and looking up, she saw at her side a lovely female, the charms of whose countenance were heightened by a look of celestial benignity. "In me," cried she to the astonished Celinda, "you behold one of that race whom the children of men denominate sylphs: our office is to protect mortals from the machinations of the evil genii, and to each of us is assigned the charge of a human being. You, Celinda, have, from your birth, been my care: I see, with pain, languor and disappointment destroy the fair promise of your youth, and I come to restore you to that cheerfulness which suits the present delightful period of your life. Beauty, wit, fortune, are before you; chuse from among them that which will render you most happy, and it shall be yours: but as mortal judgment must be fallible, you will have permission to resign what you have chosen, if at the end of one year you find yourself disappointed of the happiness you hoped it would bestow; and this favour will be granted to you three times, but the third trial must fix your choice. My power to indulge you will then be at an end."

Which of our lovely young readers has not already decided, that the choice of Celinda was beauty? The sylph breathing on her, pronounced some unintelligible words, and disappeared. Celinda, turning to a mirror, saw with delight a visible improvement in features which were before lovely; her eyes sparkled with increased lustre, her cheek, naturally pale, now glowed with the brightest bloom, and the most captivating smiles played round her pretty mouth: in short, the sylph had bestowed upon her that bewitching something, for which, as we cannot express it in our own language, we have borrowed the French term, *je ne sais quoi*.

For a short time Celinda believed that the sylph had bestowed upon her perfect happiness; wherever she went admiration followed her, and her young companions stood no chance of being noticed in her presence: but though Celinda was for a short time delighted with the sensation caused by her beauty, her heart was too feeling to be long occupied by the pleasures of vanity. The joys of friendship were necessary to her existence, and amongst the crowd of her admirers she found no friends; her beauty had alienated the regard of her female acquaintance, and there was not one of her lovers who touched her heart. "How foolishly have I judged," said she to herself, "in supposing that admiration could bestow happiness! it gives me no other sensation than *ennui*." Her *ennui*, however, was not of long duration: one of her female friends, named Melissa, vexed at finding herself thrown into the shade by the charms of Celinda, opposed to her fascinations the weapons of wit and ridi-

cule. Melissa was not pretty, but she had an infinite share of vivacity and humour; her *bons-mots* never failed to excite a smile, and she soon began to rob Celinda of some of her admirers. A professed rivalship now commenced between the wit and the beauty. Celinda, who had thought admiration not worth her notice while she was sure of exciting it, now made every effort to gain it: she lavished her smiles indiscriminately on all who approached her; she studied the most becoming attitudes, and even called in the aid of unnecessary dress; but all was in vain; every body said, "How beautiful Celinda looks!" but, unfortunately, they added, "What a pity she has not the wit of Melissa!" and even those who were most enthusiastic in praise of her charms, deserted her as soon as Melissa appeared. The latter, in fact, possessed many requisites to gain popularity which the former wanted: she covered the most profound dissimulation by an appearance of frankness and sincerity; and, though she estimated her talents at even more than their worth, nobody knew better how to assume the appearance of humility. Celinda saw her votaries diminish daily; and her only consolation was, that the time rapidly approached when she would be allowed to make a fresh choice.

At last the happy day came, and Celinda, whose agitation of mind had prevented her sleeping, watched impatiently for the moment in which the year was to expire, that she might utter aloud her wish to exchange the gift of beauty for wit. The moment she had expressed it, she was sensible of a total change in her ideas, a new world seemed to open to her, and for some time she might be said to rove through enchanted regions. She repeated exultingly to herself, that she had at length found true happiness; but she was soon compelled to allow, that even the pleasures of wit are not without alloy: the brilliancy of her talents quickly made her the oracle of the circle in which she moved, and, in consequence, she was surrounded by scribblers of all denominations. Our poor Celinda now found herself in the situation of the man in the fable, who determined to please all, but tried in vain to please any body. Though liberal in praising the beauties, she was equally free in pointing out the defects of such works as were offered to her inspection; and authors in those days —remember, reader, we are speaking of old times—could not bear to be told of their defects. She was accused of fastidiousness, of want of judgment, and even of envy: this abuse afflicted her, but a circumstance occurred which rendered her for a while insensible to it.

She had hitherto parried all the attacks made upon her heart, but she was subdued at last by the silent homage of the young and handsome Florimon, who approached her with the timidity generally attendant on sincere affection. As the ill treatment she had met with induced her, in a great measure, to give up her time to literary pleasures and pursuits, she was not sorry to have a friend who could participate in them; and it was only as a friend that Florimon begged to be admitted to her society. Never before had Celinda

enjoyed such perfect happiness: the taste and understanding of Florimon rendered him a delightful companion, and they wandered together through the flowery regions of poetry, till their friendship, by degrees, assumed so tender a character, that Celinda could no longer hide from herself that esteem with her had softened into love. The discovery, however, did not displease her; she accepted the offered heart of Florimon graciously, and the time was fixed for their nuptials, when the faithless Florimon, allured by the immense wealth of Sophronia, forgot his vows to Celinda, and gave his hand to a woman whose only charm was her money.

The world gave Celinda credit for the apparent stoicism with which she bore her disappointment, but it sunk deep into her heart; and her only consolation was, the idea of the revenge which she knew she had the power of taking on her perfidious lover. The year of trial was just expired, and our young readers will better conceive than we can describe, the feverish impatience with which she waited for its close, that she might obtain riches even superior to those for which she had been sacrificed. The happy moment at length arrived, and she was upon the point of uttering her wish, when her guardian sylph stood before her. "Rash Celinda," cried she, "have not two disappointments taught you the necessity of making a prudent choice of your third wish? Have you forgotten that with it my power ends?"

We shall not repeat the arguments used by the sylph to induce Celinda to deliberate before she made a third choice. To be revenged on the perfidious Florimon, who she was conscious still loved her, appeared to Celinda the only thing worth wishing for; and the sylph, finding it vain to argue against riches, quitted her with a sigh, and a promise that the ensuing day her wealth should be boundless.

Intent more on mortifying Florimon than on her own gratification, Celinda now shone forth as the arbitress of fashion; she dazzled all her friends by her luxurious and expensive manner of living; but when the first violence of her resentment was over, she heartily repented of her choice. The possession of wealth afforded her even less pleasure than she had derived from her two former wishes: naturally simple and temperate in her tastes and habits, the luxury with which she was surrounded soon became disgusting to her, and in a little time she had the mortification to perceive, that the principal gratification which her friends appeared to derive from the costly entertainments with which she regaled them, was the opportunity they afforded to satirize her taste, and abuse her extravagance. Celinda, in despair at receiving, as she thought, in every instance such unmerited ill treatment, resolved to fly from polished society, and to seek no other pleasures than those of benevolence.

Naturally ardent and enthusiastic, she entered upon her new pursuit with the hope of finding in it that happiness so eagerly, and hitherto so vainly, sought; and for some time she was not disappoint-

ed: from her bounty the poor and destitute were sure of meeting instant relief; and could she have known what it was to moderate her desires, she might now have enjoyed the purest and most permanent happiness of which human nature is susceptible: but she was shocked and disappointed to find, that her bounty was often repaid with ingratitude; that her generosity, instead of being an encouragement to honest industry, was too often used as the support of idleness; and that far from being satisfied with moderate assistance, the expectations of her dependants increased in proportion to her munificence. Bitterly did she now arraign the folly of her choice, but she did not, as before, long for the expiration of the year: the last day of it, however, arrived, and her celestial guardian once more stood before her. Celinda received her with an abashed and mortified air; her eyes, filled with tears, were cast upon the ground. "Well, Celinda," cried the benevolent sylph, "have I augured rightly? or does the possession of riches afford you the happiness you expected to derive from them?"—"Alas!" replied Celinda, "you were right, riches have afforded me no happiness; it seems that by some strange fatality the possession of my wishes is to bring me only disappointment."—"And have not these disappointments," replied the sylph, "opened your eyes to the folly of the wishes you have formed? You endeavoured to secure Happiness, but you forgot that earth is not her place of residence, she has long since taken her flight from it; but she has left behind her a substitute, which all mortals have it in their power to possess: this substitute heightens the feelings of pleasure, and alleviates those of pain, teaches men to use riches with moderation, and robs poverty of its sting."—"Ah! why," cried Celinda, "was not this the object of my wish? but, alas! it is now too late."—"No," replied the sylph, with a smile full of benignity, "the blessing which I speak of is still within your reach—it is *a wish to act rightly;* a desire which, if it springs sincerely from your heart, will not fail to keep you in the paths of virtue, and to bestow upon you that invaluable gift *content.*"

Need we add, that the benevolent advice of the sylph was not thrown away; that Celinda wished to act rightly with even more fervency than she had desired the possession of beauty, wit, or riches; and that this time her wish afforded her the most perfect satisfaction. By keeping a strict guard over her temper and her actions, she gradually eradicated those foibles which had been fatal to her repose; and during the remainder of her life, though she neither expected nor sought for perfect happiness, she found tranquillity and content.

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

François Duval, an old and faithful servant of the Marquis de Tourville, being seized with a disorder which was pronounced fatal, expressed an ardent desire to see his master once more before he

expired; and the marquis, though at that time immersed in the gaieties of Versailles, did not hesitate to leave them, and to encounter a long and fatiguing journey at the most inclement season of the year, in order to sooth the dying moments of his attached domestic.

By the time he reached his *chateau* the last moments of François were rapidly advancing, but the intelligence of his master's arrival reillumined the expiring lamp of life; and when the marquis presented himself at his bed-side, he rejoiced to find him much better than he expected.

"My dear lord," said the dying man, "joy has for a few moments arrested the hand of death, but I feel that all is nearly over: however, thank Heaven, I shall die in peace, since I have an opportunity of bequeathing you my treasure."

"Compose yourself, my good Duval," said the marquis in a soothing voice, for he thought the old man raved; "compose yourself, you will be better able to converse by and by."

"No, monsieur marquis," replied he, "I feel myself going very fast; let me then hasten to explain to you what I call my treasure. For many generations back my forefathers have been the servants of yours, and their gratitude and fidelity have been uniformly rewarded by kindness and protection; of this attached though humble family there will soon remain only the little François, the child of my eldest son: it is this boy, whom I regard as a treasure, that I rejoice to bequeath to you, my kind master. Though hardly ten years old, his dispositions give every promise that he will emulate the devotion and fidelity which has hitherto distinguished his race; already has his young heart formed the wish to be placed in similar circumstances with his great-great-grandfather, who saved the life of the then marquis at the imminent hazard of his own. I have seen his little features glow with honest pride, while he exclaimed, 'Who knows, grandfather, but I may have such an opportunity when I am big enough to attend our master to the wars.' I do not, monsieur, ask your protection for the child, because he has an hereditary claim to it, but I wish to obtain your promise, that when he is old enough to be placed about your person, or that of my young master, you will give him the preference to any other."

The marquis readily pledged his word to comply with the request of the dying man. The child was then brought to the bed-side of his grandfather, and the marquis, moved as much by his artless and infantine sorrow, as by the situation of his faithful François, pressed him to his breast, and called on the host of Heaven to register his solemn promise to supply to him the place of the relation he was so soon to lose.

The dying man raised his eyes in pious thankfulness to that God in whose service his life had been spent; and in a few minutes after he breathed his last.

Strictly observant of his word, the marquis removed the little orphan with him to Paris, bestowed upon him a good education, and, when he had attained his eighteenth year, took him as his valet, intending, when he was a few years older,

to give him the stewardship of his estates.

In the eight years which had elapsed from the death of old Duval, the marquis had encountered much affliction: death deprived him of an amiable and beloved wife, and a difference in political opinions totally estranged from him his only surviving son. At length the storm, which had so long hung over France, burst forth, the horrors of the Revolution commenced, and numbers of the nobility emigrated; but while there was a possibility that his presence could be serviceable to his sovereign, no entreaties could prevail on the marquis to follow their example; and even when all hope was extinct, such was his reluctance to quit the spot which contained the royal prisoners, that he lingered till escape was nearly impossible.

It was now that François, who had just attained his twentieth year, had an opportunity of proving himself a worthy descendant of the Duvals: his understanding and talents induced M. de Tourville, the son of his patron, to make him the most splendid offers to join the republican faction; but firm to the cause of loyalty and honour, he resisted the threats and entreaties of the young apostate. The marquis, whose life had been repeatedly menaced, consented at last to emigrate; but he was obliged to depart so hastily, that he took with him little more than sufficient to defray the expenses of his journey, and enable him for a few weeks to subsist with the greatest frugality.

The mental sufferings of the marquis rendered him little regardless of this circumstance. François, however, did not lose sight of it for a moment; his first care was to procure for the marquis the best accommodation their scanty means would allow, and his next to seek some employment by which he might be enabled to ward off the approach of poverty. As he could not speak a word of English, this was no easy matter to procure, and day after day did the poor fellow perambulate the metropolis in vain; but though his whole sustenance perhaps had been only a morsel of bread, he returned at night with a face of hope and cheerfulness; and the poor marquis, who had not any idea of the actual state of their finances, knew nothing of the cruel deprivations which his faithful servant sustained in order to procure for him the necessaries of life.

At length, when poor François had parted with every thing that he could dispose of, he obtained employment from a manufacturer of spangles: one would suppose that this was very light work, but, on the contrary, it was of the most fatiguing nature, and the remuneration which he was to receive for twelve hours hard labour would scarcely purchase bread. Poverty, however, is a spectre whose terrific visage has, in general, little effect upon the nerves of a Frenchman. François calculated, that what he earned would supply the necessities of the marquis, and as to his own he knew they would be easily supplied, for he determined to persevere in the rigid system of abstinence which he had recently adopted; and he did persevere in it for many months, till he was literally worn to skin and bone: nor did the marquis once suspect the cause of

that alteration, which he so often lamented had taken place in the looks of his faithful François, now his only friend.

From the time when this unfortunate nobleman quitted France, he seemed to have lost all the energy of character which once distinguished him; he considered the conduct of his son as an indelible stain to his name: this idea haunted him continually, and, in addition to his other misfortunes, brought on a nervous disorder, which he hoped would speedily terminate his existence.

One of the vexations, and that not the least, of poor Duval's situation, was the ill treatment which his principles procured him from the person who employed him. This man was a Frenchman, who had settled here previous to the Revolution; as he was a violent Jacobin, he let slip no opportunity of taunting poor François, to whom he made a point of always relating the atrocities then daily committing by those whom he styled the friends of liberty. Duval, conscious that the very existence of his master depended on the situation he held under this brute, listened to him in silence; but one day the savage being half intoxicated, made use of language that provoked a reply from the hitherto silent François, and, in consequence, he was discharged on the spot.

I shall not attempt to paint the state of mind in which the poor fellow returned to the marquis, to whom he did not dare to reveal what had passed. The next morning he set out with a faint hope that, as he could now speak a little English, he might perhaps obtain some employment: he was, however, unsuccessful, and he was returning, in a state of mind nearly bordering on frenzy, when a bounty of twenty guineas, in large letters, caught his eye. He eagerly read the handbill, and found it was an offer to young men to enlist for the West Indies. François paused; the idea of leaving the marquis was dreadful. "Shall I then," thought he, "stay till I see him perish for want of that subsistence I can no longer procure him?" This thought was decisive; he made application immediately, received the bounty, and, feeling himself unable to take a personal leave of the marquis, he inclosed it in a letter, in which he explained his reasons for taking it.

The stroke of death would have been more welcome than this intelligence to the unfortunate man: roused from the apathy which he had so long indulged in, he gave way to the most violent despair; the excess of his emotion brought on a dangerous fever, and in this state we must leave him to follow the fortunes of the adventurous Duval.

The troops had not long reached their destination when the poor fellow was attacked by the yellow fever, and, during his delirium, he raved incessantly of his dear master. Chance, or rather we should say Providence, brought a French surgeon, who had formerly known the marquis, to the assistance of Duval: he saved the life of the poor fellow, and was so struck with the heroism which had led him to endanger it, that he represented his case to Mr. Jackson, one of the richest and most benevolent men in the island. This gentleman vi-

sited François, and was so much pleased with him, that he determined to procure his discharge, and send him back to England by the first opportunity.

We shall not attempt to describe the transports of the grateful François. Mr. Jackson took him into his house till an opportunity offered for his return to England, and so much was he pleased with his behaviour, that every day increased his reluctance to part with him: he would not, however, suffer feelings which he considered as selfish, to interfere with the plan he had formed for the future happiness of the young Frenchman, and he took every means to expedite his departure. The day before he sailed, Mr. Jackson presented him with a letter of recommendation to one of the principal merchants in London, and a purse well filled. François' eyes overflowed, nor were those of the benevolent Mr. Jackson dry, while, in disclaiming thanks, he said, as he pressed the hand of François, "You, at least, ought not to feel surprise at finding one fellow-creature capable of assisting another."

François arrived in safety in London, and, with a heart throbbing with alternate hope and fear, he repaired to the lodgings where he had left the marquis; but his heart sunk when he found, that, after a severe illness, his dear master, as he always called him, was gone no one knew whither.

François presented his letter of recommendation, which was immediately attended to: the merchant took him into his office at a good salary, and could François have lived wholly for himself, he might now have been happy; but the uncertainty which he laboured under respecting the marquis poisoned all his enjoyments. Months, however, stole on, and all his endeavours to obtain tidings of him were unsuccessful.

One day, as he was passing through Oxford-street, a little girl presented a small basket filled with artificial flowers to a lady who walked near him, begging of her, in broken English, to buy some; the lady passed on without regarding her, and François, accosting her in French, observed, that she was a young dealer, and inquired whether she had no friends to put her in the way to do something better. The little girl, who was about ten years of age, delighted to find some one who could understand her, told him that her father was dead, and her poor mother very badly off indeed, and so ill she could not go out; "and poor monsieur," continued the child, "is ill too; and when I saw mamma cry, and heard her say she hoped to be better to-morrow, and able to get us some food, I thought my heart would break, till I recollected the flowers, and I stole out with them, thinking that if I could sell some, mamma might buy a soup with the money."

There was something so natural and affecting in the child's manner of telling her simple tale, that Duval had no doubt of its truth. "You are a good girl," said he, "and I will go with you to see your mamma."

The little girl took him to her mother's habitation, which was in a court in Oxford-street; she ran up stairs before him, and throwing open the door of her mother's

apartment, presented to the astonished François the emaciated form of the marquis.

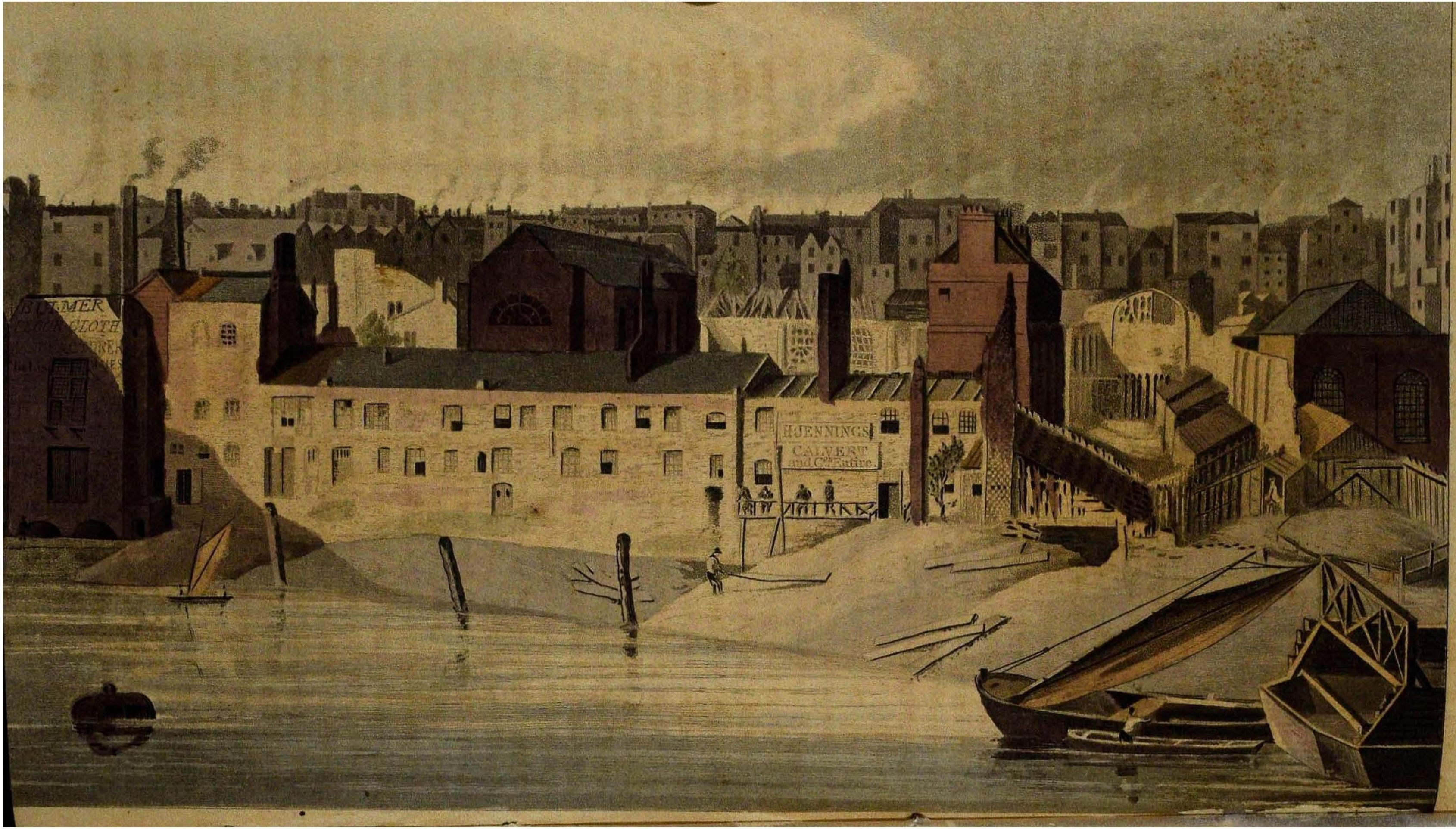
We shall not attempt to paint the delight of François at recovering, thus unexpectedly, the beloved master whom he had given up as lost for ever. When their first emotions had subsided, and François had detailed his adventures, the marquis informed him, that during the illness into which his departure had thrown him, Madame Bercy, the mother of the little girl who solicited his charity, had taken the next room to his, and, struck with compassion for his desolate situation, had carefully nursed him till he recovered: but the expenses of his illness had reduced his finances so much, that Madame Bercy, who was herself very poor, determined to take a cheaper lodging, which might serve for them both; and when the remainder of his money was exhausted, she had shared with him the scanty profits of her business.

Need we say that François removed his master, the good Madame Bercy, and her little Jeannette, to his own home, where they partook together of a repast, perhaps the sweetest any of them had ever tasted. The worthy Mr. Jackson shortly afterwards returned to England; through his friendship Duval obtained a still better situation, and Madame Bercy was enabled to establish herself respectably as an artificial flower-maker. François had the pride and delight to bestow upon the marquis's old age every indulgence which could render it a happy one; and often did the marquis acknowledge, with gratitude to Heaven, the value of the legacy bequeathed him by his old servant.

Plate 21.—THE SAVOY.

It must be obvious to every reader, that the subject of the annexed engraving has been chosen for our present number, not for the beauty or picturesque effect of the buildings represented in it, but on account of the alterations which this part of the metropolis is about to undergo, and which, at no very distant period, will render a delineation of its present appearance an object of curiosity. It is well known that the few remaining vestiges of ancient grandeur, together with the modern heterogeneous erections, will shortly be swept from this spot, to make room for the splendid improvements embraced by the plan of the magnificent bridge now nearly completed.

The precinct of the Savoy derives its name from Peter Duke of Savoy, uncle to Eleanor, queen of Henry III. to whom that monarch granted the site of it, to hold to him and his heirs, upon the tenure of their delivering yearly at the Exchequer three barbed arrows for all services. Here, about 1245, that prince built a large house, which he afterwards gave to the friars of Montjoy, of whom it was purchased by Queen Eleanor for her son Edmund Earl of Lancaster. By his son Henry it was rebuilt, about 1328, in a very magnificent manner, at the


H.JENNINGS
CALVERT
and Co. Entire.

expense of 52,000 marks. In 1356 this edifice was assigned for the residence of John King of France, after he had been taken prisoner at the battle of Poitiers. Here too he died in 1364. He was a prince of the strictest honour; for, after his release in the preceding year, he returned to apologize for the escape of one of his sons whom he had left as a hostage for the performance of certain treaties.

In 1381, when the Savoy belonged to John of Gaunt, it was entirely destroyed by the insurgent rabble under the direction of Wat Tyler, who set fire to it in several places. The rebels issued a proclamation, that no person should convert any part of the rich effects to his own use, upon pain of death, and actually threw into the fire one of their companions who had reserved a piece of rich plate. Having afterwards found some barrels, which, as they imagined, were filled with gold and silver, they threw them also into the flames. The contents, however, proved to be gunpowder, which blew up the great hall and destroyed several houses. As an appanage of the dukedom of Lancaster, the Savoy became the property of Henry VII. who began to rebuild it with the design of forming it into a hospital for one hundred distressed people. He says in his will, that he intended by this foundation "to doo and execute vi out of the vii works of pitie and mercy, by meanes of keping, susteyning, and maynteyning of commun hospitallis; wherein if thei be duly kept, the said nede pouer people be lodged, viseted in their sicknesses, refreshed with mete and drinke, and if nede be with clothe, and also buried, yf thei fourtune to die within the same; for lack of theim, infinite nombre of pouer nede people miserably daillie die, no man putting hande of helpe or remedie." This design was continued and completed by his son. The walls of this building, which was in the form of a cross, are still entire. Weaver informs us, that over the great gate was the following inscription:—

"Hospitium hoc inopi turba Savoia vocatum
"Septimus Henricus fundavit ab imo solo."

The hospital was founded for a master and four brethren in priest's orders, who were to officiate in turn and stand alternately at the gate of the Savoy; and if they saw any person who was an object of charity, they were obliged to take him in and supply him with food. If he proved to be a traveller, he was entertained for one night, and furnished with a letter of recommendation and as much money as would defray his expenses to the next hospital. This institution was suppressed in the 7th year of Edward VI. when its revenues exceeded 500*l.* per annum, and the furniture was given to the hospitals of Bridewell, St. Thomas's, and others. It was restored and very liberally endowed by Queen Mary, whose maids of honour, with exemplary piety, furnished it with all necessaries; but was again suppressed by Queen Elizabeth.

Few places in London, says Malcolm, have undergone a more complete alteration and ruin than the Savoy hospital. According to the plates published by the Society of Antiquaries in 1750, it was a most respectable and excellent building,

erected on the south side, literally in the Thames. This front contained several projections, and two rows of angular, mullioned windows. Northward of this was the Friary, a court formed by the walls of the body of the hospital. This was more ornamented than the south front, and had large pointed windows and embattled parapets lozenged with flints. At the west end of the hospital is the present Guard-house, used as a receptacle for deserters, and quarters for thirty men and non-commissioned officers. This is secured by a strong buttress, and has a gateway embellished with Henry the Seventh's arms, and the badges of the rose and portcullis, above which are two windows projecting into a semi-hexagon. The descent from the Strand is by two deep flights of stone steps.

Part of the old palace, which was used as barracks for the Guards, was destroyed by fire in March 1776. Other parts of it, still standing, have been long transformed into private dwellings and warehouses.

The ancient chapel belonging to the hospital was dedicated, with the latter, to St. John Baptist; but when the old church of St. Mary le Strand was destroyed by the Duke of Somerset, the inhabitants of that parish repaired to this chapel, which thence received the name of St. Mary le Savoy. It is entirely of stone, and has the appearance of great antiquity. The roof is remarkably fine, flat, and covered with small elegant compartments cut in wood, and each is surrounded with a neat garland and shields containing emblems of the Passion. In the chancel are some handsome monuments, among which that in memory of the wife of Sir Robert Douglas, who died in 1612, merits notice. The lady, dressed in a vast distended hood, is but a secondary figure, and is placed kneeling behind her husband, who appears in an easy attitude, reclined and resting on his right arm, the other hand being on his sword. He is represented in armour, with a robe over it; on his head a fillet, with a bead round the edge; and upon his arms the motto, *Toujour sans taches.* Another fine monument of a recumbent female, representing Arabella Countess dowager of Nottingham, also attracts notice. In a pretty Gothic niche, probably occupied in former times by the image of the patron saint, is now the figure of a kneeling female, holding a skull in her hands. It commemorates Jocosa, daughter to Sir Alan Apsley, lieutenant of the Tower; first wife to Lyster Blunt, Esq. and afterwards of William Ramsay, Earl of Dalhousie, who died in 1663. Within these walls likewise repose the remains of Anne Killegrew, who died in 1685, and whose extraordinary talents were the admiration of the wits and scholars of her time.

This chapel was completely repaired in 1721, at the expense of George I. who also surrounded the burial-ground with a strong brick wall; and it was again repaired and beautified a few years since. The precinct is extra-parochial, and the right of presentation to the chapel is vested in the commissioners of the Treasury.

At the eastern extremity of the Savoy is a commodious chapel for German Calvinists; and near the

square at the other end, a chapel for Lutherans of the same nation. The latter was built under the direction of Sir William Chambers, and is considered one of the most elegant modern structures of the kind in the metropolis.

THE FASHIONABLE MATCH-MAKER:

A TALE.

(Concluded from p. 148.)

YOU are not to imagine, gentle reader, that Sir Theodore, in commencing this *affair*, had suffered himself to be beguiled by so vulgar a character as a silly dress-making apprentice: no, Miss Gunning was, in reality, as ignorant of the mysteries of the variable goddess as Sir Theodore. Her mamma, by the practice of her extraordinary talents in teaching the "robe a wider flow," had rendered it totally unnecessary for her daughter's adoption of so vulgar a pursuit even from her youngest days; and she only waited to retire from the temple of Fashion, till a lady might be found willing to lay down a sufficient quantity of cash for so large a CONCERN; and for some time did Mrs. Gunning fluctuate between the claims of avarice, and the enjoyment of mixing in a circle in which she conceived she had now a right to move. Long, very long, had Mrs. Gunning resided in a house where no plebeian feet were allowed to enter, and her door had long been impervious to any customer except her whose own carriage conveyed her, and whose brilliant *set-out* might tell the passer-by, that here lived no common personage. Yet Mrs. Gunning was a thrifty woman, and the cautions she gave her daughter on her *entrée* into life were not to be despised. She was a lover of pleasure, but of pleasure completely epicurean; for she wisely imagined with the philosopher so unjustly abused, that that could not be designated pleasure which is followed by pain. "I do not wish you, my dear Adelaide," she would exclaim, "to behave rudely to Sir Theodore, or refuse his presents, provided they are handsome ones. As to things not worth receiving, you may assert a feeling of delicacy in refusing them; it will save you from a charge of being mercenary: but any valuable trinket—these are not times to refuse such—accept, unless, indeed, he would exact too much in return. Some concessions, of course, must be made, but have a care they are not *tangible* ones; and I see no reason why you may not marry quality any more the Gaytons, the Serles, or the Bruntons, who, you know, my dear, were actresses also." It must be confessed, that Mrs. Gunning's morals were somewhat of the Peachum school; and it would have been difficult to persuade her, that a Farren owed her present dignified station in life to her virtue alone. At the same time her theory became to her daughter of much more practical benefit, for Adelaide had at length gained so firm a hold on the part of Sir Theodore where hearts are generally deposited, that at length he cared how little he

stirred from the fire-side where he was *playing* at domestic felicity. Many years of intercourse with people of the first fashion had enabled Mrs. Gunning to ape much, and happily the worse part, of their manners. Thus, at cards, she checked with all the appearance of honour; and asked a favour with such a grace, as to make you believe, however largely your pocket might suffer, that you were the obliged person. She affected such a carelessness of pecuniary affairs, such a noble contempt of any thing approaching to debtor and creditor, as seemed truly heroic: in public, she bore the crash of porcelain with the greatest *nonchalance;* but soiled satins, or accidents to expensive bijoux, were made good by the hands of those who destroyed them; and where she had no claim for reparation, she made it up in the sale of cheese-parings and candle-ends. Opportunities for the *lovers* to be alone our modern Peachum did not neglect. Mamma must be occasionally absent; and Sir Theodore, after talking of love all the morning at Lady Lindermere's, would return home, in the hope that the evening might allow of some little practical illustration in the society of Adelaide Gunning. She, however, had too great a regard for the rule of discretion, to allow the professor to do little more than lecture on his art; and Sir Theodore, fully persuaded that he had become acquainted with a mirror of virtue, became entangled in something like love ere he knew it. At the same time, too, that he was about to appoint the day when he was to lead Dorinda Lindermere to the altar, he was still hoping to gain the person of Adelaide Gunning, either as a wife or mistress. Happily for Sir Theodore, the stateliness and love of etiquette evinced by Lady Lindermere gave him so much time for consideration, she became so dictatorial in the imagined certainty of *getting off one of her daughters,* that one day, when he took occasion to object to some of her arrangements, a *wordy* war commenced, and Dorinda, who had lately cherished a growing passion for Colonel Delmahoy, assisted her mamma in some little vituperative colloquy. Sir Theodore cut the connection altogether; he retired *almost* in a passion; and—led Miss Gunning to the altar. The loss of Sir Theodore gave the plump Dorinda some few pangs, for Delmahoy had scarcely nibbled at the bait; he was a shy bird in the matrimonial way; he had no title, and his fortune was by no means equal to that of Sir Theodore. However, she consoled herself in the idea that the colonel was a younger man; and, in the gossip of report with regard to the new-married pair, sought some consolation in slander and invective. 'Tis true, Lady Lindermere exerted her faculties also to console her daughter. "And as, my dear Dorinda," she exclaimed, "we are not getting younger, take the colonel, and I will give my consent to your union" With no little manœuvring Colonel Delmahoy was at length caught, but "Dorinda's fortune was, in the event of marriage, to be settled on herself;" and we have said, or meant to say, that Colonel Delmahoy's was very inferior to Sir Theodore's. The fact was, that he was dreadfully out

at elbows: he cut down trees until there were no more to cut; he had mortgaged and mortgaged till he could mortgage no longer. Fortune had, of late, jilted him; hazard ran away with all his ready; Blücher came in half a neck before Charles Surface; he retired from the course completely *cleaned out;* and, to end all, his Indian expectaries failed him: in fact, he was to have been married in June, but a cursed run of ill-luck at Brookes's obliged him to put it off till September. In September he received accounts from his steward, that an inundation had destroyed all the cotton and coffee on his plantation; again, he had advice to leave England, and save the wreck of his fortune. He immediately left England, vowing eternal constancy to his dear Dorinda, who really loved him, and returned to her about two years afterwards; but again was obliged to leave her, to view his estate in Ireland. They would certainly be married the following spring, but he was once more obliged to return to the West Indies; and, after keeping her three years in suspense and occasional agony, each post bringing worse and yet worse news to the suffering Dorinda, a letter came to inform Lady Lindermere, that her expected son-in-law had put a pistol to his head and blown out his brains, leaving her the task of comforting her daughter for her loss, and *almost* to regret her match-making propensity.

This event called forth all the *philosophy* of Lady Lindermere: in a few months she began to be seriously angry with her daughter, who, as she said, made no effort to regain her serenity. She dragged her again from market to market, from London to Brighton, from Brighton to Weymouth, from Weymouth to Hastings, from thence again to London, and again from London to Cheltenham, from Cheltenham to Malvern, from Malvern to Bath, and so on; while poor Dorinda, like the statue of Grief, joined in the dance like an embellished automaton, and surrounded by a galaxy of fashion and splendour, shed continual tears of disappointed love, and became the victim of a premature disgust. Still was she annoyed by her mother and the crowd collected around her; a sister also, who had now gained an ascendancy of charms over her, was throwing out her lures, or rather mamma was doing so for her, unconvinced of the fatality of her *pushing* system. Many came and nibbled, but quickly saw the barb, now less concealed, and retired. At length a *sailor of fortune* became *domesticated* in the house, and Lady Lindermere flattered herself, that at *length* her youngest daughter was *about* to be married. Upon a late inquiry, however, into his circumstances, she found he had scarcely withal to support himself. He was persuaded once more to enter into active service; he did so, and died in the defence of his country; and Misses Dorinda and Juliana, at the age of three-score and three, have yet courage to take up the trade of their long-deceased mother; and, unconvinced by time, and unwarned by their looking-glasses, are still indefatigable in repairing the drooping lilies and roses of their complexions; see every year fresh recruits, as they

imagine, inlist under their banners, which time convinces them are renegadoes; and in the neglect they experience from the other sex, are half convinced, that they have to thank their mother for their celibacy, caused by an over-anxiety, which is sure to defeat any purpose it too eagerly seeks to achieve.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. X.

They leave their counters, and away they run
To their gay country-house, and are undone.——— ANON.

I HAVE a letter from a sensible woman, which I think will be very evident to my readers when they have perused it, on a subject which may be very useful to persons in her class of life. And I beg it to be understood, that I am as ready to receive the communications of my sex in middling or even inferior stations, as if my correspondents dated their letters from Arlington-street or Grosvenor-square. The writer of the present epistle is the inhabitant of a great thoroughfare east of Temple-bar, and seems to possess all the qualities which render a wife valuable to an industrious and thriving tradesman; and that the industry of her husband may not be interrupted by fanciful notions of pleasure, that their thrift may not suffer from negligence, and the provision for her family may not be lessened or rendered precarious by needless expense, she has addressed herself to me with such an account of her apprehensions, as may draw the attentions of, and give timely alarm to, the good man himself; nor shall it want any further assistance that I can afford to such a wise and virtuous design.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Madam,

The ready kindness with which I have perceived that you insert in your admirable work, such letters as are favoured with your approbation upon domestic occurrences, has encouraged me to trouble you with some circumstances in my situation, which, as the account will meet the unsuspecting eye of my husband, who, as he is by no means deficient in understanding and what the world calls cleverness, he may probably apply, and I hope to heaven he will, what I shall call the *moral* of the narrative to his own conduct, and perceive the necessity of making that reform in it, which, I believe, he feels in his heart, though he does not communicate the secret to me, and which his experience must convince him, an increasing family requires.

To proceed, madam, in my story: you must know that this good husband of mine, for a very good one he is, in every point of regard, tenderness, and fidelity, is a shopkeeper in one of the most busy streets in London; and a more honest, pains-taking man is not to be found in the trade which he follows, or in the neighbourhood where he lives: but his notions are rather too elevated for his situation; and though, in a due course of years, he might look to the enjoyment of his present indulgencies, he has not attained that degree of prospe-

rity which can justify the mode of life that his vanity has led him to adopt.

It so happens that the principal part of his acquaintance are tradesmen whose acquisitions in business have enabled them to have their country-houses, or villas, which is now the fashionable term, at a convenient distance from town, where they may retire to enjoy themselves in the fresh air from Saturday night to Monday or Tuesday morning. This circumstance awakened a spirit of rivalry in the bosom of my husband, who determined to make as genteel a figure as the best of them; and accordingly, in the beginning of the last summer, took a very genteel, comfortable little place, I must allow, at the distance of about four miles from the Royal Exchange.

It was in vain that I remonstrated on the inconveniencies which it would inevitably produce, the probable neglect of business it might occasion, and the additional expense it would certainly produce. But I was told that our neighbour *Spangle*, the laceman, who is not in better circumstances than ourselves, had his house at Edmonton. He also quoted the *Spectator* upon me, a work he sometimes reads to me of an evening while I am at work, where it is observed, that to carry the appearances of an easy fortune was one of the ways to make a good one. Nay, he declared, though I do not remember it, that when I gave him the bill for my last winter pelisse, which was certainly very handsome, I accompanied it with the remark, that his wife ought to make as handsome an appearance as the wives of his neighbours; and he paid the money with the greatest cheerfulness. I combated these arguments with some success; but he at length employed one which was irresistible: he complained that his health was considerably impaired by his living constantly in London; that he was the best judge of what he suffered in that particular, and insisted that an occasional change of air could alone recover him. This silenced me at once, and we took possession of a house, garden, and small field, at the rent of sixty pounds a year. Its situation was considered as uncommonly pleasant from its being close to the road, so we could see all the variety of company and carriages which passed along, and be every half-hour conveyed to London by one or other of the scores of stage-coaches which offered such an accommodation.

As our house has a very reputable appearance, my husband was determined to furnish it in a corresponding manner; and I am almost ashamed to say, that five hundred pounds were employed in completing it with fashionable upholstery. This money could not be spared from the trade without some inconvenience. Matters, however, being thus arranged, we entered upon our weekly visits to fresh air and rural repose. Of the former we had enough, but, unless when relieved by showers, it brought such clouds of dust from the adjoining road as almost to smother us, and made it frequently necessary, on a sultry summer-day, to keep the windows shut, and thereby convert our sitting-rooms into absolute ovens. We had a very pretty garden, and it was expected that we

should be regaled with the tuneful music of singing birds when we rose in the morning, or taking our tea among the flowering shrubs on our grass-plot of an evening; but here also was disappointment, for the farmer whose yard was on the other side of our quick-set hedge, is a great dealer in hogs, and throughout the day our ears were assailed with the gruntings of his numerous piggery; nor were the honeysuckles and jessamines which twined about our viranda capable of overcoming the unsavoury odours, not to say the stench, of such a neighbour.

But this is not all of which I have cause to complain. The more serious grievance yet remains for me to describe. After all, we looked for quiet within doors, and an uninterrupted Sunday: but in this reasonable expectation I have been more disappointed than in all the rest; for no sooner had we settled ourselves in our country habitation, than our acquaintance, with all the easy freedom of that character, formed parties to take their Sunday's mutton at our villa: so that instead of retiring to tranquillity and repose, we appeared to have opened a new scene of bustle and confusion, and to keep a country-house for no other purpose but to bring on a round of drudgery and expense. Those who know any thing of housekeeping will be able to form a judgment of the economy of providing for such visitors; and you, Mrs. Tattler, will be convinced of my uncomfortable situation, when I was obliged to affect the appearance of satisfaction, and to use the language of hearty welcome, to the very people whom I wished in a horse-pond, or should have been glad to have scolded out of the house.

My good man began to feel the inconvenience of these visitors, and we contrived to lessen them, by walking out of a Sunday before the usual time of their arrival, and instructing a good servant of ours, whom we let into the secret, to say we were gone out for the day, and thereby to throw some uncertainty on the probability of finding a dinner. We had also unfortunately got a character for the excellence of our syllabubs warm from the cow; and that proved a temptation to some of our female acquaintance to come of a Sunday afternoon, and partake of such a regale: however, we sold our cow, which ridded us at once of that kind of company and the expense of the syllabubs.

Such are the pleasures of a London tradesman at a country-house, and my poor, dear, excellent husband, being disappointed in all his expectations, and the place having lost the charm of novelty, is heartily sick of our seat of peace and retirement; but then he is both ashamed and afraid to throw it off his hands, being fearful that his friends will circulate the laugh against him, and equally apprehensive that his enemies will employ such a circumstance to prejudice him in his business.

I have told him over and over again, that it is better for him to be thought a fool than to prove himself one; and that it would be much more to his interest, that the lease of his house should be sold by himself, than by a certain set of ready persons called *assignees.* I have brought to his recollection some of his own acquaintance and neighbours whose pride has proved

fatal to them, and though he acknowledges the justice of my observations, he is incorrigible as to his determination; and though I do not think, thank God, that it will prove his ruin, yet I cannot but look at these additional and unnecessary expenses as so much taken from the provision he ought to be laying by for his family.

We have three children, and this confounded country-house, in which we did not set our feet but twice during the whole of last winter, runs away with far more than is necessary to maintain and educate half a dozen of them. Permit me, madam, to present you with a cursory estimate.

Rent	£60 0 0
Taxes	12 0 0
Additional servant's wages, board, &c.	50 0 0
Interest for money expended in furniture . . .	25 0 0
Accidents and repairs .	10 0 0
Coach-hire backwards and forwards	10 0 0
Extra entertainments . .	50 0 0
	£217 0 0

This, not to say a word of additional housekeeping for servants, shopmen, &c. in town, while we are *enjoying* ourselves in the country, and the unavoidable neglect of business, with the opportunities which servants have of taking dishonest advantages during the absence of their master, &c. &c. &c. is a considerable sum, and, in the course of years, with due management and attention, would alone accumulate into the means of placing out our children in the world. I would ask any tradesman whether such a loss can possibly be repaid, if no other evil ensues, by the vanity of occupying a country-house for a couple of days in a week during the summer season. It has indeed always appeared to me, that prudence is not only, in the ordinary ways of the world, a most useful disposition, but in every situation of life a most respectable virtue. I am, madam, with great regard, your most obedient servant,

S. Thrifty.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Shakspeare's Dramatic Songs, consisting of all the Songs, Duets, Trios, and Chorusses, in Character, as introduced by him in his various Dramas: the Music partly new and partly selected, with new Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, from the Works of Purcell, Fielding, Drs. Boyce, Nares, Arne, Cooke, Messrs. J. Smith, J. S. Smith, T. Linley, jun. and R. J. S. Stevens; to which are prefixed a general Introduction of the Subject, and explanatory Remarks on each Play, by W. Linley, Esq. Vol. II. Pr. 1l. 1s.

In our Review of the first volume of this publication* we have sufficiently explained its plan and leading features. The present volume completes the work, its contents being as follows:—

* First Series of the *Repository*, vol. XIV. p. 230.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Song. *Under the greenwood tree.* —Dr. Arne.

Chorus. *Who doth ambition shun?* —W. Linley.

Song. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind.*—Dr. Arne and W. Linley.

Glee. *What shall he have that killed the deer?*—J. S. Smith.

Duet. *It was a lover and his lass.*—W. Linley.

Song. *Wedding is great Juno's crown.*—W. Linley.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Song. *Was this fair face.*—W. Linley.

WINTER'S TALE.

Song. *When daffodils begin to peer.*—Dr. Boyce.

Song. *Lawn as white as driven snow.*—W. Linley.

Song. *Will you buy my tape?*—Dr. Boyce.

Trio. *Get you hence, for I must go.*—Dr. Boyce.

KING HENRY IV. SECOND PART.

Song. *Do nothing but eat.*—W. Linley.

KING HENRY VIII.

Song. *Orpheus with his lute.*—W. Linley.

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Song and chorus. *Come, thou monarch of the vine.*—W. Linley.

KING LEAR.

Song. *Fools had ne'er less grace.* —W. Linley.

HAMLET.

Song. *How should I.*—Old melody.

Song. *Good morrow 'tis.*—Old melody.

Song. *They bore him barefaced.* —W. Linley.

Song. *And will he not come again?* —Old melody.

CYMBELINE.

Glee. *Hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings.*—Dr. Cooke.

Dirge. *Fear no more the heat of the sun.*—Dr. Nares and W. Linley.

OTHELLO.

Round. *And let me the canakin clink.*—W. Linley.

Song. *The poor soul sat sighing.* —W. Linley.

MACBETH.

The whole of the music, as it is now performed on the stage, newly arranged by Mr. Samuel Wesley.

By the foregoing catalogue, it will be seen that Mr. Linley's pen has, as in the first volume, contributed most liberally to the great object he had in view; but to do full justice to the value of his labour, would not only exceed our room, but lead to a critical analysis, incompatible with the plan of the musical article of this Miscellany. We are even compelled to glide superficially over the most prominent and interesting of his compositions.

Among these, we notice the appropriate additions, or rather completions, of Dr. Arne's beautiful songs, "Under the greenwood tree," and "Blow, blow, thou winter," in *As you Like it.* The chorus of foresters has the threefold merit of being a highly clever and scientific glee, of suiting the words admirably, and of imitating the style of Dr. Arne's preceding air so successfully, that, without being told of it, we should have taken the song and chorus as the work of one author. In two or three instances, however, the harmony was susceptible of improvement: in the 12th bar, *p.* 6, for in-

stance, the accompaniment moves in harsh fifths; in the 9th bar, too, of the same page, the F in the bass is very objectionable. The burthen to Dr. Arne's second song above-mentioned is as pretty and impressive as the poetry; the third line, particularly, calls for unreserved applause.

Mr. L.'s music to the ballad "It was a lover and his lass," next demands our attention. The innocent ease and sprightliness of the melody, together with the playfully flowing accompaniment, cannot fail of proving equally attractive to the untutored ear and the connoisseur. The fifth B F, in the first bar of *p.* 19, ought to have been avoided. This objectionable kind of harmonic progression occurs more than once in the work.

Another very favourable specimen of Mr. L.'s comic muse occurs in *All's well that Ends well.* The song, "Was this fair face the cause," besides its elegant subject, is full of quaint *naïveté*, especially the passage "among nine bad," &c. *p.* 23. In the 11th bar, *p.* 22, we could have wished the accompaniment to move less discordantly.

In *King Henry IV.* (2d part), the drunken song of Silence is equally diverting throughout, and the beginning, above all, neat and fanciful. In the 6th bar, the E in the bass had been better G sharp. In harmonically depicting the hiccups, Mr. L. has been very successful, more indeed than suits our taste, or accords with the precepts of Το Καλον, whose empire extends to music no less than to the sister arts. But a step or two further, and we shall have to nod assent to the antipodean accompaniment of the bassoon in Mr. Matthews's "Nightingale Club."—*Majora canamus!*

Let us proceed to the song "Orpheus with his lute." Here we fully coincide with Mr. Linley in opinion, that the words of the poetry are deserving of the highest efforts of a musical mind; but we must beg leave to differ totally from his assertion, that the music he has devised for them is not such as to do them the justice they deserve. To say that this composition is the best in the volume, would be but comparative praise: it is truly beautiful and eminently impressive. A vein of the most chaste and ennobled feeling pervades the whole; the heart-strings of the composer could only have vibrated in unison with those of the immortal bard to accomplish a production of this stamp. We refrain from entering into any detail, not to weaken the enthusiasm we feel, and wish our readers to feel, for this high effort of the art. The instrumental symphony in this play is a scientific and pathetic movement. We much approve its introduction.

Another equally happy effort of the serious and tender in music, is Desdemona's air in *Othello;* a composition not the less valuable for the modest diffidence with which it is presented to us. The subject is couched in simple and affecting strains, and the ideas elicited from it finely harmonize with the melancholy tenor of the text. This is particularly the case with the charming and original *minore*, the select accompaniment, the elegant tran-

sition to the key of C major, *p.* 67, *l.* 1, and the like happy return to four sharps, as well as with the style of accompaniment in the succeeding line. Altogether, this song, and the one before mentioned, appear to us the most exquisite performances of Mr. L.'s muse in this volume; without, however, depreciating the merits of a different kind conspicuous in many of the other pieces composed by himself.

With regard to the music in Macbeth, we have only room to notice Mr. Linley's ingenious, and to us highly plausible, inquiry as to its origin. He combats the common opinion of its being the work of Matthew Locke, and offers strong reasons for ascribing the whole, if not in its present shape, yet substantially, to John Eccles. Of its present form in this volume Mr. Samuel Wesley is the author, a name sufficiently valued to ensure the possession of as complete and satisfactory an arrangement, as a happy combination of science, talent, and judgment can hold out.

The Rural Welcome to Box-Hill, set to Music by Miss R. W. W. Pr. 4s.

Our review of this publication was completed when we first observed the age of its fair authoress in very small type on the title-page. This circumstance, although in no way operating on the absolute value of the performance, ought, we conceived, to be thrown into the scale of criticism, and induced us to cancel our previous labour. The anonymous authoress has here ventured to compose, out and out, the whole of eight stanzas of a very interesting poem on the beauties of Box-Hill. The music forms a kind of cantata, in which recitavo, song, duet, and chorus, relieve each other. Such an attempt at the age of fourteen must be confessed to be a bold undertaking; and we are willing, in our judgment of its merits, to make full allowance both on the score of its difficulty and the age of the writer. Thus viewed, the present composition presents indications of musical talent, which loudly call for the fostering guide of scientific instruction. Without entering into the invidious task of pointing out faults, we shall generally observe, that the harmonies of this incipient composer appear to be dictated more by a good natural ear and taste, than by experience derived from study: hence we perceive, in various instances, erroneous combinations, or awkward successions of chords. We would, therefore, wish to recommend to Miss W. to apply herself sedulously to the study of the principles of thorough-bass under the guidance of an able tutor, and not to offer the fruits of her zeal for the art to the tribunal of public opinion, till she be conscious of having sufficiently mastered its theory. If she follow this our well-meant advice, the promising specimen before us affords the best hopes of the musical world beholding at last a female composer really deserving of that name. That sex has produced painters, sculptors, poets, and even mathematicians and philosophers, but no composer of eminence. The reason perhaps is precisely, because the syren accents of harmony lull its fair votaries into a belief, that an art, apparently so easy, may, like the piping of German bullfinches, be acquired by an imi-

tative good ear, without submitting to the discipline of theoretical instruction.

"*Amanti Costanti*," *from the Opera of* "*Le Nozze di Figaro*," *by Mozart, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed* by Ferd. Ries. Op. 66. Pr. 3s.

The beautiful and well-known air above-mentioned is so eminently adapted to variations, that it would have been a matter of wonder, if, under Mr. R.'s hands, it had produced a performance less interesting than the excellent variations before us. The 1st is distinguished by the tasteful flow of its amplified melody, and the aptness of the accompaniment. The triplet passages in the 2d maintain the theme in unlaboured purity. The 3d variation, in C minor, of a higher and more scientific cast as it is, shews Mr. R.'s talent to the greatest advantage. The perfect fifth, however, in the minor chord of D F A (first note, *p.* 3), after the previous E b G, is so repugnant to our ear, that we are inclined to think it a typographical error, especially as the imitation of the passage in the second part is free from that objection. In the 4th variation, the alternate evolutions of both hands, skilfully placed as they are, produce the happiest effect. No. 5, with its short triplet accompaniment, and the nice crossed-hand touches, exhibits peculiar elegance. No. 6 consists of a set of very fine quick passages in C minor, between which a portion of the theme in E b major appears interpolated with much originality of contrast: it is, altogether, a most interesting variation. The 7th and last variation, in the original key of C major, not only appears with pleasing relief after the *minore*, but is treated with the most captivating sweetness; and its two last lines, *p.* 7, the offspring of chaste and original feeling, lead to a charming termination.

Grand Sonata for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Violin or Flute, composed, and dedicated to Lady Flint, by Fred. Kalkbrenner. Op. 22. Pr. 5s.

In this sonata Mr. K. has given such free scope to the exercise of every qualification which constitutes a great composer, that we shall content ourselves with a mere cursory allusion to its general features. To enter into a detail of its numerous excellencies would engross too great a portion of the space to which we are limited. The movements are four in number: an *allegro* and *minuet* in E b, an *adagio* in A C, and a *rondo* in E b, all of which require the abilities of an experienced performer. The allegro, in point of passages and general construction, partakes of the character of a concerto; and its profound harmonic combinations, originality of ideas, taste, and grandeur of style, proclaim the pen of a master in the art. In the minuet Mr. K. has followed, without copying, Haydn's best manner; while in the adagio, the style of Mozart seems to have served as a guide. With such models before him, it is not surprising, that such talents as Mr. K. possesses, should have produced two movements which cannot fail to delight the heart of every true votary of the science. The rondo ingratiates itself at the outset by its fugued subject, which is particularly well developed in the

second part. The passages, and other digressive matter, are somewhat more light in style than the general complexion of the other pieces; but the movement, nevertheless, shews sufficiently the pen of its author, not to form an unfavourable contrast with the more studied features of its companions.

"How gaily to Hamlet and Hill," a Duet, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, the Words by Mrs. J. Cobbold, composed, and dedicated to Miss Watson, by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 2s.

The general complexion of this composition is creditable to Mr. D.'s talents; but he appears to us to have mistaken his poet, in giving to a text, every line of which breathes anacreontic mirth, love, &c. (well adapted to a motivo in the *pastorale* style), a melody throughout too serious and too slow, and which, where it ought to be most sprightly, is most stern and solemn. The accompaniment, too, partakes of this serious style; and, fraught as it is with laboured dissonances, in the manner of the ancient school, helps further to estrange the music from the import of the words. In songs of this description, modulation ought to be but sparingly administered; but here the very subject, which, by the way, is too often repeated, presents a series of modulations from major to minor, and *vice versa.* In saying thus much, we are bound to allow, on the other hand, that in the treatment of this passage, as well as in several other parts of this air, Mr. D. has given ample evidence of his skill as a contrapuntist. His harmonies, in general, are correct and well-conducted. The new strain, however, *p.* 3, consisting of a set of dissonant sequences, is surely out of its place to express the joining of villagers in dance and music; and the succession of these chords is not quite free from grammatical objection. We observe, with satisfaction, the adoption of the *Metronome* in the signature of this duet. As this invention enables the composer to indicate with certainty the quickness of his movements, we hope soon to see Mr. D.'s example followed by the rest of the musical writers in this country.

The Cot in the Vale, a favourite Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, composed by Sir John Stevenson. Pr. 1s. 6d.

In the melody of this little song, which is unaffected and pleasing, the author has more adhered to the English ballad style of composition than in the generality of his vocal works. In point of metre, the extension of that of the poet has betrayed the composer into some awkward accentuation, such as, "a daughter *he* has," *p.* 2, *b.* 6. The word "daughter," on its repetition, drags under the many semiquavers; and "but" (*p.* 3) is too short in pronunciation to admit of four semiquavers.

Lessons in all the Major and Minor Keys, forming the second Part of Practical Instructions for the Piano-Forte, by T. Howell. Pr. 10s. 6d.

The first part of this work has been noticed in a late number of the *Repository* (July), and we are happy to say, the good opinion which it gave us of the author's qualifications, both as a teacher and a didactic writer on music,

has been considerably augmented by the sequel now before us. It consists of nearly sixty close pages, the contents of which may be classed as follows:—For each key two or three lessons are given, apparently of Mr. H.'s own composition, and these are respectively preceded by the fingered scales belonging thereto, as also by some general directions for fingering each particular key. In this manner the work proceeds to as far as six sharps, returns to C, and thence goes as far as six flats (for the major keys). For the minor keys, the lessons successively extend to four sharps and seven flats. In consequence of this arrangement, the lessons are not of progressive difficulty, because the intricate sharp keys precede the easier flat ones; but this order of the pieces, introduced for system's sake, may, of course, be varied by the pupil. The lessons, considered with reference to their main object, appear to us extremely proper and judicious: we notice with approbation the sparing manner in which only the principal positions of the fingers are indicated, as also the ample employment of the left hand. In point of composition the pieces are respectable throughout, and many, especially those in which the sharps or flats increase, are entitled to the higher encomium of classic elegance. It appears to us, that, in addition to the directions for the fingers prefixed to the several lessons, some hints relating to character and expression would not have been misplaced, particularly as so little of that essential part of execution is indicated in the pieces themselves. We do not suppose there are twenty *fortes* and *pianos* in the whole book.

The Saxe-Coburg March and Waltz for the Piano, composed by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.

In the two pieces above-mentioned, there is nothing which can lay claim to novelty or display of science: the three common chords of D, A, and G, with an occasional seventh to get out of one into the other, form a harmonic round-about, in which the melody moves on. But as the latter kind of vehicle is a safe conveyance for all those whose incipient skill does not allow them to venture on more daring feats, so may we with propriety recommend Mr. R.'s labour to junior performers on the instrument. It is correct, pleasing, intelligible, and free from the slightest difficulty.

Mozart's Grand Overture to Idomeneo, adapted for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for a Violin, Flute, and Violoncello (ad libitum), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without accompaniments, 2s.

The arrangement of this overture, like that of the other dramatic overtures of Mozart which Mr. Rimbault has adapted for the piano-forte, is the more creditable to his talents and judgment, as, by steering clear of executive intricacies (for which, in the present instance, ample temptation existed), the piece has become accessible to moderate proficients on the instrument; a circumstance which not only affords a sufficient excuse, but indeed compensates, for the probably intentional omission of some niceties in the general harmony of the score.

An Introduction, March, and Rondo, for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated with permission to Miss Caroline Daubeney of Stratton, by Caroline Kirby. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The three pieces contained in this publication, although evidently not produced by a pen familiar with the science of harmony, or gifted by inventive originality, are, upon the whole, not uninteresting. The introduction is agreeable, the march regular in point of construction and shewy, and the rondo, the subject of which is set in imitation of wind-instruments, proceeds with animation through its several parts. There appears, however, too great a degree of sameness in the whole of these movements: the harmony lies chiefly between the tonic and the dominant: the left hand, instead of affording a mellow support to the melody, generally beats the time with octaves, or frequent leaps into upper fifths or sixths; all which, together with the very liberal use of the pedals, produces rather a stunning gaudiness than select harmony.

A fourth Air, with Variations, for the Piano-Forte, composed, and inscribed to Mrs. Howard of York, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 2s.

A waltz forms the theme of these variations, which are conceived in proper style, and, without being difficult, afford both an interesting as well as agreeable exercise for both hands. The quick passages of var. 2 and 4 lie kindly to the fingers: the imitations in var. 3, between treble and bass, are devised with neatness. In var. 5 we observe an energetic and well-conducted running bass. The 6th var. on account of its clever minor modulations, and its general scientific cast, is entitled to our warmest commendation. The 7th and 8th, less *récherchées,* are nevertheless attractive; and the coda attached to the latter, serves to close the work with active bustle and brilliant effect.

Three Waltzes for the Flute, composed by L. Drouet. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Each of these waltzes consists of six or eight distinct and successive parts in a variety of keys, more or less distant from the key of the subject. All these, however, are so neatly strung together that they form but one connected whole. The melodies are pleasing, and conceived in an interesting style. Another merit of these waltzes is, that, although the production of so great a master on the flute, they fall within the capacities of moderate proficients on that instrument. We should like to see this publication arranged for the piano-forte. In *p.* 3, *l.* 8, *b.* 7, a crotchet is wanting.

The Tyrolian Air, a German Waltz and a French Air, with easy Variations, for the Flute, composed, and dedicated to Thomas Newte, Esq. by L. Drouet. Pr. 3s.

To each of the three tunes above-mentioned, Mr. Drouet has appended a few variations, the freedom and delicacy of which proclaim both his taste as a composer, and his skill and experience as a performer on the instrument. Although we observe no particular intricacies of execution, we yet apprehend that a numerous class of respectable players will question the epithet of "easy" on the title-page, which might with more propriety, at least comparatively

speaking, have been made use of with regard to the three waltzes above noticed. As exercises for the zealous student on the flute, these variations claim our warmest recommendation. They are well calculated to form his taste and style.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

(From JAMES's *Travels in Germany, Sweden,* &c.)

(*Concluded from p.* 176.)

THERE were none of these people but had some peculiar anecdote to relate of their sufferings, and all bore yet in their looks some mark of the privations and anxieties they had undergone.

Mr. C—— represents himself to have been seated in his chamber the evening of the arrival of the French; where he heard the bustle of the military undisturbed: at night, however, two dragoons entered suddenly, demanded with pistols in their hands, whether any Russian soldiers or Cossacks were concealed. He replied that there were not.—"If you deceive us," said they, "you die." They went up stairs to search, and presently returned asking for brandy and a pair of boots; these were given, and they went their way. Soon afterwards a thick smoke began to make itself perceptible from the upper part of the house, and in a short time the whole burst into a blaze: Mr. C—— was obliged to seek shelter elsewhere at a late hour, and wandered some time in vain, till at length discovering the house of a person in the Slabode with whom he had some slight acquaintance, he knocked, and requested a lodging; this was soon granted: the favour was not indeed confined to himself, for he found the whole establishment converted into a place of general refuge, containing upwards of a hundred wretched persons, littered down in the several rooms and out-houses. It was hardly to be expected they should enjoy the sleep of this night unmolested, and they were visited successively by four several parties of marauders, of whom it can only be said, that the first left nothing for their successors to deprive them of. Alarmed by the continual reports of assassination in the streets, he told us he never quitted the house, except once, during the six weeks of his abode, and then he had cause to repent of his temerity, being insulted by some of the soldiers, robbed of his coat, and congratulating himself to have escaped with his life. Some time after a few French officers, as quarters began to grow scarce, came and billeted themselves in the house, where they were received as welcome guests, since their presence afforded hope of protection. This increase of company, however, added to their difficulties in some

sort, and filled them with fears lest they should be unable to find subsistence enough for so large a party. Meat, which had been abundant during the first week, was not now to be had: they doled out day by day to each, a small allowance of flour from the household store, which they kneaded into paste and baked themselves over their fires. This supply began at last to fail, without the possibility of its being replenished from any quarter: for the peasants who had ventured to market being beaten and robbed of their provisions, carts, and horses, had ceased their visits. Feeling themselves deprived, therefore, of every other resource, they were driven to forage, accompanied by the French soldiers, in the gardens of the neighbourhood, digging for potatoes and roots, or whatever they could find: yet even this was precarious, and their work often interrupted by the incursions of the Cossacks. In a half-starving condition, without a single change of clothes or linen, this gentleman passed the greater part of the time the French stayed at Moscow: but, pursued by more than ordinary malignity of fate, his sufferings were not brought to a conclusion at their departure. The excellent character which he bore, had led the French governor to solicit his acceptance of a temporary appointment in the provisional municipality; he was urged on the score of putting him in a way to assist his fellow-citizens, and, preferring the calls of duty to a consideration of the consequences to which it would expose him, unfortunately yielded to the request. On the return of the Russian police, no argument that he could urge was held a sufficient plea for such conduct; it was necessary, in compliance with the feelings of the times, that the utmost abhorrence should be shewn against every person who bore the slightest mark of connection with the enemy, and to have merited their confidence was the highest crime. For this he was condemned by the unanimous voice of his tribunal; and the punishment awarded was, that he should be obliged to labour half an hour *(pro formâ)* on the public works, with a badge of infamy affixed to his arm; after which exposure he was thrown into prison for three months, and evermore forbidden to quit the city of Moscow on any pretence.

This story, nevertheless, presents but an imperfect epitome of scenes of distress, that varied with every distinction of age or sex. The females were of course no less subjected to the miseries of so calamitous a period: Madame ———, related to us her tale of woe. Feeling, as was natural, great alarm on hearing of the arrival of the French, she had retired to an open space of ground near one of the churches, whither a number of the inhabitants had fled from similar motives. The party waited here an hour without seeing any one, when a troop of cavalry came up and asked (it was the ordinary inquiry), whether any Russian soldiers were concealed amongst them.—"No," answered the women, covering up with their cloaks a poor wounded man who lay half dead upon the ground. The French said they were content, and, with much appearance of politeness, demanded next, if they stood in need of any thing which it

was in their power to procure: they received a second answer in the negative, and passed on. Presently one of them returned with a bottle of brandy in his hand, and kindly offered them to drink: after this, as night came on, the whole group dispersed to seek for shelter where occasion might serve. The lady, with her husband and daughter, retired to an empty house, and remained there for two days, not daring to stir out of doors; when, being almost famished, the husband was obliged to go abroad with the hope of procuring provisions. In crossing the street he stopped, either from curiosity or other trivial motives, and picked up a rocket-case which was lying on the ground, with the appearance of having been used in the conflagration: seeing, however, that he was observed by two French soldiers, he put it away in his pocket somewhat perhaps in a hurried manner; they at the instant came up, and demanded, in a threatening tone, to see what it was he had concealed. On being shewn, one of them accused him as an incendiary, and without farther parley, took a step back, levelled his musket, and shot him through the heart. His daughter beheld this scene from the window with such feelings as may be well imagined, and the wife ran up but to behold him weltering in his blood. At this juncture they were discovered by a French officer, who happened to pass that way; he took pity on them, and removed them to the palace of Count A. Rasumofski, then the residence of King Murat, where they remained till the evacuation. His majesty had been driven by the irreverent flames to this hotel, in which, much to his credit be it said, he opened an asylum for the poor sufferers, and afforded them every means of relief that was in his power. Circumstances, however, did not admit of the enjoyment of much comfort; a large assembly of both sexes was crowded into one apartment, where the companionship in misfortune tended rather to increase than relieve their pains. It is distressful to delicacy to relate, that in this very room a woman of good condition in life was actually delivered of a child, her female friends standing around, and endeavouring with their handkerchiefs and clothes to screen her as far as they were able from public sight.

Mr. B— was another resident of Moscow during this dreadful period; but, more favoured by accident, he lived at an inn near the Twerskoi, in the society of several French officers, from whom he received much kindness and attention. His account furnishes an idea of the want of discipline, or, as it is termed, demoralization, that prevailed in the ranks of the army. He had one morning, he says, ventured out in the street imprudently alone, when he was met by two Poles, who attempted, on some pretence or other, to decoy him into a private place; he refused to accompany them, and as they added menaces to entreaties, he took to flight: the street, however, was empty, so they pursued him, and he was on the point of being overtaken, but fortunately turning a corner, he stumbled on a French officer, to whom he lost no time in applying for protection. The officer complied, inquired into his story, and

very severely reprimanded the Poles, striking them repeatedly with his sabre: they answered him, nevertheless, impudently enough, asserting that leave was given to plunder, and that they had a right to do so: he told them that the permission had been revoked at the end of the first week, but as he had no actual accusation to bring forward, he dismissed them, and kindly promised Mr. B—— to accompany him to his lodgings. On the way they met a French soldier carrying a bundle that bore a suspicious appearance. He stopped him, and insisted on its being opened, when several watches, rings, &c. and other articles of plunder, were exposed to view.—"Scoundrel!" said he, in amazement, "is it not disgraceful enough for a Russian to commit acts of thievery, but must a Frenchman also turn rogue, and bring dishonour on his nation? Are you not a soldier of the grand army?"—So saying, he gave him a blow on the cheek with his sword, which he then coolly wiped and returned into the scabbard; and drawing an order for the man upon the hospital for his cure, resumed his conversation with our friend.

ADVENTURES OF A GREEK LADY.

(From TULLY's *Narrative of a Residence at Tripoli.*)

July 1, 1781.

IN the following events related by the Greek lady whom I mentioned in my last, you will find one of the few instances of a beautiful and delicate being having surmounted such sufferings as she experienced in the savage hands of Turkish robbers. Signora S——, who is still handsome, was born in Dalmatia; her christian name was Juliana: her father was an officer of distinction in the Venetian service. Her family was disliked by the Turks, on account of the skill and courage her grandfather displayed in endeavouring to defend the Morea from the Turkish arms when they last gained possession of it. Her mother, herself, and two sisters were living on an extensive estate, beautifully situated on the borders of Macedonia. Rich villages, though belonging to Turks and Tartars, surrounded them, and that part of the country was interspersed with aromatic heaths, impenetrable woods, and thick vineyards; but they were remote from any capital, Salonica, the ancient Thessalonica, being the nearest to them, and they were not far from the village of Contessa. This lady thinks, if her mother had caused alms to be sent to the holy mountain of Athos, they might have averted all the troubles she experienced. This mountain is inhabited by friars, of whom there are no less than three thousand living in thirty monasteries: many of the Greeks visit it, and purchase separate blessings from the different convents at a very great expense. As the inhabitants of the surrounding villages were mostly Turks and Tartars, their society consisted only of a few families of Armenians, Dalmatians, and Sclavonians, who, like themselves, had retired to that part of Macedonia, while the heads of their families were fighting under

the Venetian banners against the Turks in Venetian Dalmatia. Buried in the woods of Turkey, they remained often a long while without intelligence from the more civilized part of Europe, which this lady's mother seemed to regret infinitely more than the other Grecian ladies. She had passed the chief part of her life at Venice, and from being better informed, felt greater fears. She seemed to foresee the catastrophe that happened, and daily forbade her attendants to walk far from their dwelling with her children, fearing, as she said, the incursions of the Turks and Tartars, who, after every victory, usually scour the country, enriching themselves by plunder all the way on their return to Constantinople, or to their different beys on the Black Sea; yet, as they abstain from breaking into palaces and principal houses in their route, there is a possibility of being safe by keeping within doors.

At length some vague reports of the success of the Venetian arms lulled her into an idea of security, and she fatally acceded to the entreaties of her friends to spend the day at an Armenian's, whose residence nearly joined her own estates. She was accompanied by her two beautiful daughters, Juliana, then about thirteen, and her sister about eleven years old; and she confided her youngest child, an infant of two years, to the care of its nurse, a young Circassian slave, who had been with her some years.

She set out on this journey with nearly all the attendants she had, for greater security, though without the least apprehension. Within sight of her own domains, at the angle of an immense forest of which they had a few paces to pass, as a tiger rushes on his prey, so sprang on them out of this wood a party of Turks.

The affrighted mother dropped instantly at the sight of them. Each ruffian seized a surprised and helpless victim, and it was the work but of a few moments for this banditti, in so unequal a combat, to cut to pieces the attendants that opposed them. Covering their wretched captives with large canvas bags which they tied over them, and fastening their prey on different horses, they took with them Juliana, her sister, and the Circassian, who, from affection, struggled to keep in her arms the infant she had with her; and, unfortunately, (as it afterwards proved) succeeded, though the Turks repeatedly commanded her to leave it on the ground at their first setting off: but, as the mother lay senseless, and apparently dead, the Circassian could not think of abandoning the infant to itself. With incredible swiftness they continued pushing their horses up the steepest hills for several hours, till a most tremendous storm of thunder and lightning obliged them to stop. They spread bags on the ground by the side of a woody mountain, and pitched some wretched tents, which ill sheltered them from the rain, in one of which they placed their miserable burthens, more dead than alive.

After the storm subsided, they brought them dried salt meat, called by the moors *kadeed*, which they had toasted, with black bread and water, and threatened them with death if they did not eat. The

Circassian endeavoured to stifle the cries of the unhappy child in her bosom, frightened at the rage with which the Turks had complained of its screams; nor did her fears suggest to her the horrors they had yet to witness, for at the sunrise these savages committed the infant to the flames, to ease themselves of its cries and the inconveniency of its being attended to, and then travelled with increased celerity across sandy deserts, through thick woods, and over rugged and steep mountains, till within a short distance of Constantinople, where they sold the unhappy Juliana and her sister to an Aleppo merchant, who, for their farther misfortune, rejected purchasing the Circassian; and thus parting them from their *faithful* domestic and fellow-sufferer, carried them on towards Constantinople. Their disconsolate and wretched mother, soon after they were torn from her, was sought for and recovered by her friends. When able to rouse herself from the lethargy which this dreadful catastrophe had thrown her into, by her unremitted inquiries she learned the cruel news of her husband having been massacred with a party of Venetians by the Turks, and that the banditti, or Turkish soldiers, who had carried off her daughters, had taken them to Constantinople. In a distracted state, she immediately collected all she could of her property and determined to follow them. She applied to an Armenian merchant at Constantinople, under whose protection she meant to place herself while she remained at the Porte, and employed him to make every possible search for her lost children. When she had informed him of her wretched story, he told her that he was, at the same time, lamenting the fate of a Venetian youth of family, with whom he had spoken that morning, and despaired of getting him ransomed. He had been taken prisoner, and was become the property of a Turkish bashaw, who had been recalled by the Porte, to be appointed to a new government, and who every day increased the sum he demanded for this unfortunate gentleman's liberty. As Juliana's grandfather had fought in several campaigns for the Venetians, and her father had now fallen in their service, the moment the wretched event of her's and her sister's capture was known at Venice, an order was sent from the states to ransom the children as soon as they could be found. The order reached Constantinople a few days after their mother had arrived there. This public tribute paid to the memory of those so dear to her, was truly consoling, but no one knew where to find the unhappy captives. The Armenian merchant she was with, though very young, was extremely opulent and universally beloved as a most amiable character. He felt sincerely for her distress, and his age and temper led him to be highly interested from the picture she gave him of the two beautiful sufferers.

He had nearly abandoned the hope of finding them, when the young Venetian noble, whose claims he was endeavouring to remove, surprised him by a visit. He came accompanied by a Mamaluke of the bashaw's, to bring him a

proposal from that prince, for selling a great number of black slaves before his departure for his new government, to which as he was already named, and his retinue and equipage ordered to attend him in eight days, he could give but a short time for this commission. The merchant could only feel for the distress of his friend, whom he saw on the point of being hurried off to Persia before their last letters to his family had been answered, for increasing the ransom offered for him, which the bashaw had refused. He was shocked with the visible despair in his friend's countenance, and was encouraging him to hope that letters might yet reach Constantinople before his departure, when he was surprised to hear him declare, that the arrival of such letters could not relieve his present sufferings. He told the merchant, that some time since the bashaw had got into his possession two of the most beautiful Georgians he had ever beheld, whom he purchased of Turkish robbers near Adrianople. It was at first thought the officer who bought them would have fallen into disgrace, as from their sufferings they were in a most emaciated state. He had paid many purses of gold for them, and on their arrival it was feared they would not recover from the excessive hardships they had endured in the first part of their journey; but as they now became every hour more beautiful, and displayed the highest accomplishments, the bashaw had destined one of them for himself, and he meant to send her sister to his brother, a prince of Evrivan. They were at present, he said, confided to Zeleuca, a confidential Greek woman of the bashaw's family in the palace, and to remain with her till the bashaw's arrival in Persia. Zeleuca was a Grecian slave, who had been a long time in the bashaw's family, and had great influence with him. The Venetian told the merchant, that previous to the bashaw's avowed partiality for the *eldest*, he had resolved to pay his *own* ransom for their liberty, and purchase his freedom some other way, but as he was now certain the Turk would not part with them, freedom, he said, was become indifferent to him. The Armenian endeavoured to conceal his own strong emotions from the Venetian youth, as he instantly conceived these were the two beautiful sufferers he was so earnestly in search of. He soothed the unhappy youth, entreating him to be patient and secret, and above all to profit no more of any opportunity accident might furnish him with, of seeing or speaking to the Georgians, till he himself should meet with him again at the bashaw's. The youth informed him, that owing to public business, the bashaw would not take his family with him, and a Mamaluke was appointed to superintend their journey, and they were to set out four days after the prince. The young Venetian then parted with his friend the merchant, and reflected with surprise on the uncommon agitation that he seemed to suffer, and his earnestness in enjoining him to avoid seeing more of the Georgians; but he had witnessed so many instances of generous and kind actions in the merchant during his frequent interviews with the

bashaw, that he had conceived the highest esteem for him, and therefore determined with confidence to put himself under his guidance.

The Armenian having communicated his suspicions to his afflicted guest, she was so transported, that she would instantly have gone to embrace her children, and claim them with prayers and tears, at the feet of their Turkish master, had not her friend prevented her from so rash a step. He reminded her, that with every reason to hope that the young slaves were her children, yet it was not fully ascertained, and it would be necessary to deliberate on the most cautious and possible means of redeeming them should they prove so. He persuaded her to leave their fate in his hands for a few days, and trust to his endeavours to work out their deliverance. He knew the bashaw, fond of popularity, feared to appear severe or unjust; yet he was ferocious, violent in his passions, and prone to secret revenge, and was one amongst the most powerful officers of his rank belonging to the Porte: but as avarice was the leading feature in his character, the merchant nourished a faint hope of placing the children in their mother's arms again. He desired her to give him a letter open for her daughter, which he would endeavour to convey to her himself, and by that means discover if the children were her's or not. The account he had received from the Venetian left him no room to doubt it; but to gain their confidence, and to make them *alone* acquainted with a plan for their escape, seemed almost too difficult to accomplish.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 22.—HALF DRESS.

A GOWN of lilac sarsnet, cut low round the bust, which is trimmed with pink ribbon, disposed so as to form a wreath; the shape of the back is marked by bands of pink, and a large bow, in the French style, ornaments the middle of it at bottom. The back is full; a plain light front forms the shape in a most becoming manner. Long full sleeve, composed of clear muslin, trimmed at the wrist with a single row of lace, and finished by a pink bow. *Fichu* to correspond, very full trimmed round the throat with lace. The bottom of the skirt is edged with pink, and trimmed with a single flounce of blond lace, set on very full, and surmounted by a wreath of French roses. *Cornette* composed of *tulle*, finished by a quilling of blond round the face, and fastened by a pink bow under the chin; a bow to correspond ornaments it on the forehead, and a bunch of flowers is placed very far back on the head. The style of this *cornette*, though French, is so simply elegant and becoming, that we have not for some time seen any half-dress cap to equal it. Plain gold ornaments. White kid gloves, and white kid slippers with pink rosettes.

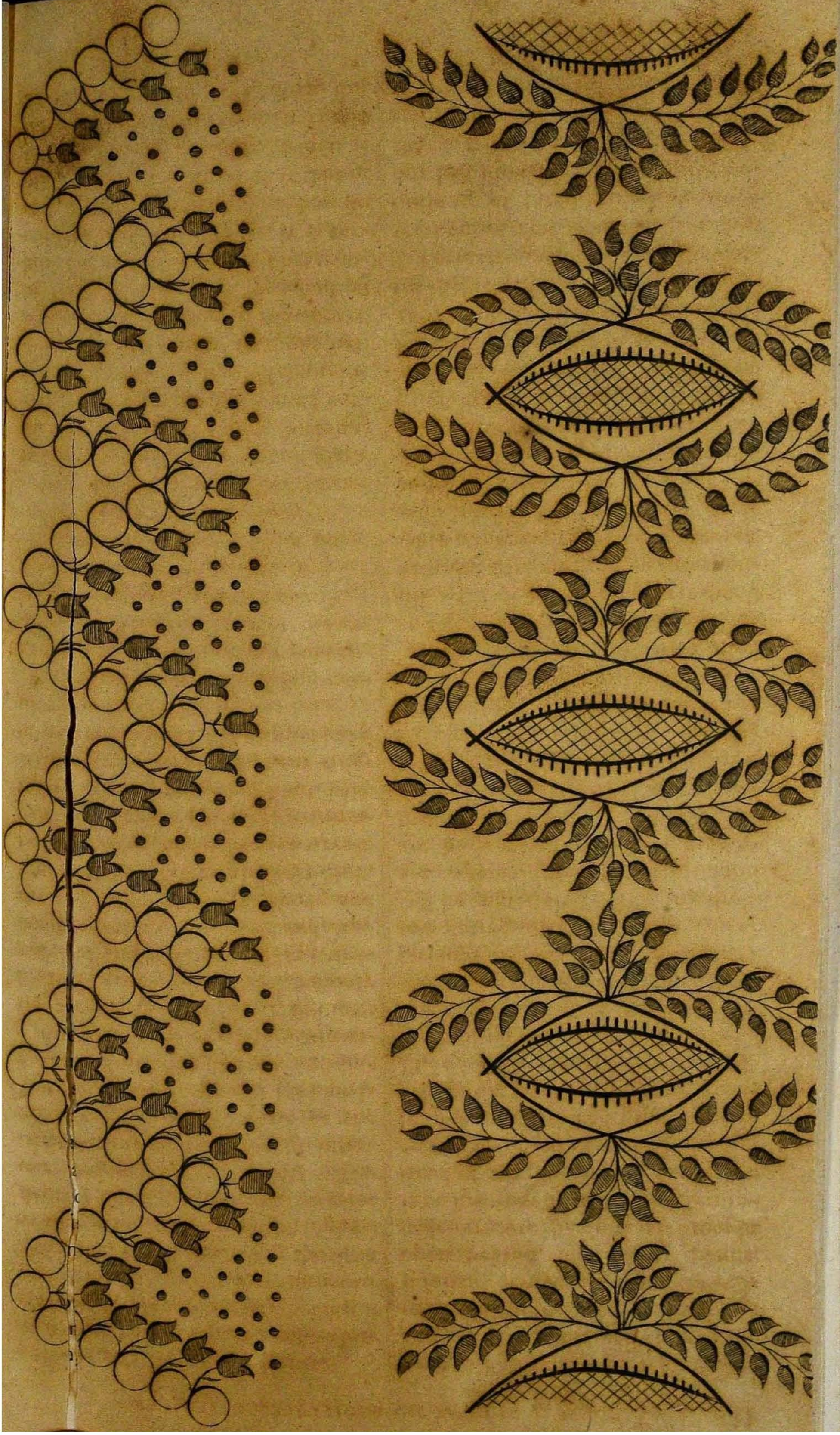


PLATE 23.—BALL DRESS.

A gown, composed of white gauze, of an exquisitely beautiful and glossy texture: it is worn over a maiden-blush slip. For the form of the dress, which is in the highest degree novel and elegant, we refer our readers to our print. The trimming is a rich rollio of intermingled gauze and satin at the bottom of the dress, above which is a wreath of fancy flowers, and this wreath is surmounted by white satin draperies: the general effect of this trimming is uncommonly tasteful and striking. The hair is much parted on the forehead, and dressed very low at the sides; and the hind hair, brought up very high, forms a tuft. Head-dress, a wreath of French roses, placed so as apparently to support the hind hair. Necklace, bracelets, and ear-rings of pearl. White kid slippers and gloves.

We have to thank the condescension of a lady, one of our subscribers, for both the elegant dresses which we have given this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The favourite promenade dress is now composed of Pomona green sarsnet; it is made a very decorous walking length, and trimmed with satin some shades lighter than the dress: the trimming is about half a quarter in breadth; it is disposed in byas flutings, and finished at both edges with pipes. This trimming is in very bad taste, it is formal, not at all novel, and has no other recommendation than being fashionable. The body, which is the same length in the waist as last month, is plain in the middle, but very full at each side of the back, and is ornamented with a pelerine cape of a novel and pretty form: it falls nearly as low as the waist, is open behind, and cut in points, which cross each other; it is brought very low round the bosom, but instead of meeting, it flies back; the ends are pointed, and nearly a quarter long; it is made quite up to the throat, but without a collar. Plain long sleeve, finished by a triple quilling of byas satin, and confined at the wrist by a band. We should have observed, that the pelerine is trimmed with a light narrow fluting of satin.

The materials for walking dress are various. Sarsnet and poplin are high in estimation, and cambric is still considered elegant: we observe the latter is in general trimmed with two or three flounces, lightly embroidered in colours; we do not mean an intermixture, but various shades of the same colour: evening primrose, dark blue, and green, are most in favour. A silk scarf or spencer, to correspond with the trimming, is an indispensable appendage to these dresses, as is also a white chip or straw bonnet, trimmed with puffings of white satin, tastefully intermixed with cord to correspond with the trimming of the dress, and a bunch of flowers also to correspond. The effect of these dresses is very elegant, and they are well calculated for the dress promenade.

For carriage dress, the Gloucester bonnet and spencer have lost nothing of their attraction since our last number. White satin pelisses, trimmed with royal purple satin, are also fashionable; and mantles, so long exploded, begin

to be seen: they are worn, however, very partially, and we apprehend those *belles* who reckon on their revival will be disappointed. We have seen two, one composed of spotted silk, lined with white sarsnet, and trimmed with white satin; the other a rich purple and white shot sarsnet, trimmed with lace. One of these mantles was cut entirely byas; it was short, and hung very gracefully round the figure: the cape, exactly of the shape of a half-handkerchief, was cut round in scollops, and a full puffing of satin went round the throat. We must observe, that collars are entirely exploded, and ruffs continue to be an indispensable part of walking or carriage dress.

Muslin still continues to be the most fashionable article for morning dress. The most tonish dresses are those made about a quarter of a yard shorter than the petticoat: they are gored, and the body and skirt is formed of one piece; the back is very full; they are open in front, and made up to the throat, but without a collar: they are trimmed round with the fashionable work which resembles point lace, and the petticoat has a double flounce to correspond. The sleeve, which is long and very loose, has a triple fall of work at the wrist. These dresses, fashionable and expensive as they are, have, at a distance, an uncommonly ludicrous effect; the trimming being pointed, and worked in holes, has the appearance, especially when there are so many falls of it, of being actually in rags. The elegant dishabille which we noticed in our last number is still in favour, and, though not so fashionable as the one which we have just described, is more generally adopted by *élégantes* of taste.

Plain and worked muslin is still worn in dinner dress, as are also sarsnets. Clear muslin bodies, made half-high, and exquisitely worked, are much in favour for dinner parties; they are worn either with a skirt, worked round the bottom to correspond, or a sarsnet one, trimmed with an intermixture of white patent net and ribbon, disposed in draperies, which has a very light and elegant effect. We have not for some time seen any thing so tasteful as these worked bodies and silk skirts; 'tis true they do not offer any actual novelty, but at this time of the year our fair votaries of fashion do not rack either their own invention or their *marchandes des modes* for novelty. *Belles* of good taste profit by the licence which fashion at this season gives, to wear what they consider most elegant and becoming—these dresses are both: they answer also a better purpose than that of adorning the wearer, by the liberal encouragement they afford to female industry. Fine work is now in very considerable estimation for all those parts of female attire for which it can be worn; and we have seen some, particularly the bodies which we have just noticed, the effect of which is fully equal to lace. *Fichus*, or half-high bodies, are now universally adopted for dinner costume, as are also long sleeves. We observe that backs, which had decreased a little in breadth, have again expanded. Dresses continue to be very becomingly made about the shoulders; they only fall

sufficiently to give an appearance of ease to the shape.

White gauze and white net are most in estimation for full dress: crapes, especially coloured ones, are very little seen. The favourite form is a gown, cut low all round the bosom and back of the neck, tight to the shape in front, and a considerable fulness both in the body and skirt behind. Short sleeves, are worn very short, very full, and in general draperied with silk or pearl ornaments. Blond is still worn for trimmings; but we think that the same material as the dress, fancifully intermixed with ribbon, small pipes of satin, or satin wreaths of leaves, is more generally adopted. Embroidery is still in much request, as are also long wreaths of artificial flowers. Dresses are still trimmed very high, which is a great disadvantage to under-sized *belles*.

When dresses are trimmed with embroidery, they are frequently worn with a white satin brace, embroidered to correspond: the form of this brace is different to any thing that has yet been introduced; it forms a point behind, crosses in front, and is cut out on each breast so as to display the under-dress: it is, in our opinion, highly advantageous to the shape.

Cornettes continue very fashionable both for morning and half dress. One of the prettiest morning caps which we have seen, is a small mob, composed of alternate strips of British net and letting-in lace; the former full, and the latter plain: it is trimmed round the top of the crown with lace, set on very full; the ends are cut very narrow, and placed very far back: it has a single border of lace, set on very full, and a large bow of white satin ribbon pinned a little to one side. For the most elegant half-dress cap, we must refer our readers to our print, as we have seen nothing so tasteful or becoming.

We have no alteration to notice either in plain dressing or ornaments for the hair since last month.

In half-dress jewellery gold ornaments alone are adopted. Cornelian, which was high in estimation when mixed with gold, has declined for some time past, and is now exploded. Gold ornaments are now very expensive, because the workmanship of them is so extremely elegant. The French no longer retain their pre-eminence in jewellery; and we are happy to say, that French trinkets are much less worn than they have been.

Fashionable colours for the month are, Pomona green, dark and azure blue, evening primrose, peach-colour, and lavender.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 20.—MONA MARBLE CHIMNEY-PIECE.

THE Mona marble has so considerably increased in reputation and fashion, that no apology need be offered for presenting our readers with the annexed design, which shews the simple forms proper to receive the ornaments of bronze, or-molu, or bhule, with which these chimney-pieces are usually ornamented for apartments of superior decoration. From the circumstance of this simplicity of design, they

are manufactured at prices calculated to supersede similar works in foreign white marbles, over which they have a considerable advantage, from the beautifully variegated tints of the Mona marble, and from the circumstance of its preserving the original freshness of effect, which statuary loses in a few years.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

The Rev. C. Colton is preparing a work, under the expressive title of *Many Things in few Words*, addressed to fewer persons who think.

A Diary of a Journey into North Wales, by the late Dr. Samuel Johnson, printed from the original MS. in his own hand-writing, together with a fac-simile of a part of the manuscript, edited, with illustrative notes, by Mr. Duppa, will be speedily published.

Mr. Mudie is about to publish a grand *Series of Forty Medals*, commemorating British victories under the Duke of Wellington; a work which will enrich the cabinet of the amateur with a class of art but little known in this country, and which will deliver down to posterity an elegant and energetic record of the glorious events which have so highly exalted our national character.

Sermons on interesting Subjects, by the late Rev. James Scott, D.D. rector of Simonburn, Northumberland, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, are in the press.

Mr. T. Lester, of Finsbury-place, is preparing for publication, in monthly numbers, *Illustrations of London*, containing a series of engraved views and delineations of antiquarian, architectural, and other subjects in the metropolis, with historical and topographical descriptions.

The Rev. John Bruce, of Newport, is printing *Juvenile Anecdotes*, designed for the moral and religious instruction of the rising generation.

Mr. Robert Fellows, of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, has in the press, *A History of Ceylon*, from the earliest period to the year 1815; with characteristic details of the people.

Mr. T. Dibdin is preparing for the press, *The posthumous dramatic Pieces of the late Mr. Benjamin Thompson*, accompanied with a copious memoir, in two octavo volumes.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter, of Bath, proposes to print in a quarto volume, with suitable embellishments, *Annals and a Topographical Survey of the Parish of Sheffield, or Hallamshire*; with many original, biographical, and bibliographical notices.

Mr. Matthew Gregson, of Liverpool, is printing, in a small folio volume, *Fragments of the History of the County of Lancaster*, with numerous engravings.

Mr. Charles Peter Whitaker, formerly of the University of Gottingen, and professor of languages, is preparing for publication, *A new Grammar of the French Language*, on a plan perfectly original, intended for the use of those who wish to acquire a speedy and grammatical knowledge of modern French; to be interspersed with in-

genious exercises and examples, illustrative of the peculiar construction and idiom of the language: the whole calculated to facilitate the acquirement of grammatical rules, without the unnecessary fatigue and perplexity of the old system.

Miss D. P. Campbell, a young lady, resident in one of the northernmost isles of Scotland, who, for some years past, has contributed to the maintenance of a distressed mother, and supported entirely by her own exertions a younger brother and sister, proposes, in furtherance of that support, to publish a volume of *Poems;* the greater part of which were originally written without the view of ever extending them beyond the small circle of her own acquaintance, until severe and accumulated misfortunes compelled her to offer them to the public. An edition of these poems was published at Inverness in 1811, when the authoress had not yet attained her 17th year, for the amiable purpose of liberating her father from a prison. That beloved parent is since dead; and the helpless situation in which he left his family, has induced his unhappy daughter to attempt, by subscription, the publishing of a second edition of her works, considerably improved and enlarged, in one volume 8vo.

Major Hawker, of Long Parish House, Hampshire, has ready for publication, a work entitled, *Instructions to Young Sportsmen.* It comprises a gentlemanlike code of precepts for the conduct of the sportsman in every department of his amusements—points out the minutiæ of a good gun and shooting tackle, gives directions for choosing and training dogs, with the best remedies for their various diseases; and in enumerating the various species of what is called game, the author has made some valuable additions to our present stock of knowledge in natural history, particularly in British ornithology. The work concludes with a clear and succinct abstract of the game laws, which must be of incalculable service to all those who wish to avoid lawsuits and live on good terms with their neighbours; and is enriched with splendid engravings by Lowry.

The following arrangements have been made for Lectures at the Surry Institution, during the ensuing season:—1. On Chemistry, by John Murray, Esq. to commence on Tuesday, Nov. 12, at seven o'clock in the evening precisely, and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday.—2. On Aërostation, by John Sadler, Esq. to be delivered on Friday evenings, Nov. 15th and 22d, at the same hour.—3. On the Principles and practical Application of Perspective, by John George Wood, Esq. to commence on Friday, the 29th of November, and to be continued on each succeeding Friday, at the same hour.—4. On Astronomy, by John Millington, Esq. civil engineer, to commence in January, 1817.—5. On Music, by W. Crotch, M. D. Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, to commence in February, 1817.

Messrs. Netlam and Giles, of New Inn, have issued proposals for publishing by subscription, a new Map of the county palatine of Lancaster, from an actual survey, upon

the basis of the Trigonometrical Survey of England, as determined by Lieutenant-Colonel William Mudge, of the Royal Artillery, F.R.S. and Captain Thomas Colby, of the Royal Engineers; at a scale of one inch to a mile. The trigonometrical survey is commenced, and will be executed entirely by Messrs. Netlam and Giles themselves, and the general survey of the interior will be carried on by them and assistants. That the subscribers and the public may be satisfied of the authenticity of the survey, they propose to publish a memoir of the angles, and their computations, by which the relative distances of the principal objects in the county will be determined, and the process of the work explained. It gives us pleasure to observe, that upwards of seven hundred subscribers have already given their support to this undertaking.

Mr. Edward Heard has invented a chemical re-agent, by which he renders salt-water capable of washing and cooking. Various experiments have been tried with it in the navy, under the direction of the Board of Admiralty, with success. If adopted, it would promote cleanliness among our seamen, the principal requisite for the preservation of health; remove the leading causes of contagion on shipboard from dirty garments, beds, and bedding; and afford means to passengers of washing weekly, if necessary, and lessen the amount and expenses of equipment.

Some remarkable cases have lately come to the knowledge of medical gentlemen, from which it appears, that magnesia, when taken in powder, as is commonly done, has remained in the system combined with animal mucus, and formed tumours and concretions of considerable size. Two instances of this kind are stated by Mr. Brande, in the last number of the Journal of Science and the Arts. In the one case, a concretion of magnesia and mucus, weighing several pounds, was taken out of the intestines after death. In the other case, the magnesia was ultimately evacuated in the state of sand, which, on analysis, was found to be the subcarbonate of magnesia. Magnesia is proved, by the experiments of the most eminent chemists, to be the best corrective of the uric acid, which is the principal cause of the gout and of calculary complaints. A valuable improvement in the mode of preparing this medicine has been lately made by Messrs. Bakewell and Co. Tavistock-street, Bedford-square; the magnesia being held in a state of perfect solution in their magnesian water, whereby the possible injury or inconvenience of taking it in the form of powder is entirely obviated. The water is as brisk and pleasant as the best soda-water; and the magnesia is rendered mild, light, and easy to the stomach, being held in solution by fixed air, or the carbonic acid.

The lectures held by Dr. Spurzheim in England, have drawn considerable attention to the system of craniology, founded by Dr. Gall. To such of our readers as are interested in this subject, the following notice of a volume in imperial folio, just published at Munich, by Dr. Spix, will be acceptable. It is entitled, *Cephalogenesis, sive Capitis ossei Structura, Formatio et Signifi-*

catio, &c. The head is here considered in its evolutions throughout the whole series of animals, from man to the insects, at all periods of life, from the embryo to old age. Its relations to the other parts of the human body, and its functions as the principal organ of the soul, are illustrated in a new manner; and the work contains also a critical review of all that has appeared on the subject. Of the prints, nine are shaded, and nine in outline for demonstration. They are from drawings on stone by the masterly pencil of Koeck, painter to the academy of Münich, celebrated for his admirable designs for the works of Sömmering, Wenzel, Fischer, &c. They exhibit exact representations of the skulls of animals of all classes, and afford an accurate medium of comparison, which discovers the laws followed by nature in the formation of the different varieties of the head. By the evidence of these laws the author has attempted to solve the wonderful problem involved in the structure, composition, and proportion of that part of the animal frame. Psychology will thus obtain a true foundation in nature itself; cranioscopy and physiognomy will be reduced by some new measures to laws both simple and comprehensive; zoology will be enriched with views and principles of the greatest importance with respect to the classification of animals; and the whole of natural history will be improved by the discovery of an organic law, hitherto overlooked, which the author calls *Lex circuitus organorum*. This curious and interesting work may be inspected at Mr. Ackermann's.

Poetry.

WATERLOO.

FROM conquer'd Ligny's cruel field,
Where shatter'd was fair Prussia's shield,
In confident presumption steel'd,
March the fierce French exultingly.

With sanguine and contemptuous view,
They trace the steps of England's few
In proud pursuit to Waterloo,
And call them theirs undoubtingly.

Pride-blinded men! deem it not dread
The island lion's backward tread;
What, if he couch his fearless head,
'Tis but to spring more mightily!

Nor wish for morn, nor idly dread
To find with night the Wellesley fled;
The ground to-night that yields a bed,
Gives him a grave or victory!

That tempest-troubled night is gone;
Each deadly preparation done;
And now the carnage-craving gun
Bids to the battle horribly!

On comes the furious Gaul—they close;
Fire answers fire; blows earn but blows;
No breach those living walls disclose—
Vain their impetuosity!

Forward their usurpation's best!
Iron of heart, in iron vest—
'Tis vain—they may not bide the test
Of naked British bravery!

Then pour thy *all* into the fray,
Desperate! and yet retrieve the day;—
Behold, that terrible array,
Rankless, return discomfited!

And where is he for whom they bleed?
The proud in word, and base in deed,
Fixing his fate upon his steed,
He flies the field disgracefully.

Where peace-entreating Europe's claim?
Accomplish'd in one day of fame!
Emblazoning thy glorious name,
O concord-conqu'ring Wellington!

Where they in freedom's cause who died,
Their country's sorrow and her pride?
E'en as they fought, so, side by side,
Still lie the brothers brotherly.

And side by side shall they be seen,
In England's roll of triumphs been,
And nurs'd with English tears, still green,
Shall bloom their wreaths eternally!

F. C. S.

REFLECTIONS.

Ah! who has power to say
To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow,
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe
Diffuse a brighter ray?

Ah! who is ever sure,
Though all that can the soul delight,
This hour enchants the wond'ring sight,
These raptures will endure?

Is there, in life's dull toil,
One certain moment of repose,
One ray to dissipate our woes,
And bid Reflection smile?

We seek Hope's gentle aid;
We think the lovely phantom pours
Her balmy incense on those flow'rs
Which blossom but to fade!

We court Love's thrilling dart,
And when we think our joys supreme,
We find its raptures but a dream,
Its boon a wounded heart!

We pant for glitt'ring fame,
And, when pale Envy blots the page
That might have charm'd a future age,
We find 'tis but a name!

We toil for paltry ore,
And when we gain the golden prize,
And Death appears, with aching eyes
We view the useless store!

How frail is Beauty's bloom!
The dimpled cheek, the sparkling eye—
Scarce seen, before their wonders fly,
To decorate a tomb!

Then since this fleeting breath
Is but the zephyr of a day,
Let Conscience make each minute gay,
And brave the shafts of Death!

And let the gen'rous mind
With pity view the erring throng,
Applaud the right, forgive the wrong,
And feel for all mankind!

For who, alas! shall say,
"To-morrow's sun shall brighter glow,
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe
Diffuse a brighter ray?"

SOMERSET.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PASSENGER AND A TURTLE.

Passenger.

Why, pretty Turtle, dost thou mourn
Within this lonely grove?

Turtle.

I've lost, alas! my only joy,
The partner of my love.

Passenger.

Art not afraid the fowler's hand
Thy blood, like his, should spill?

Turtle.

Ah, no! for if he kills me not,
Incessant sorrow will.

SOMERSET.

EPIGRAM

On the Statue of VENUS.

Such mimic charms in every feature shone,
With such perfection glow'd the breathing stone,
That lovely Venus, stooping from the skies,
Exclaim'd, whilst wonder fix'd her stedfast eyes,
"Alas! for me, if such superior grace
Had beam'd in Juno's or Minerva's face,
Venus had claim'd the golden prize in vain,
And fled unhonour'd from th' Idalian plain."

R. N. D.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.